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WASHINGTON LETTER.

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

Washington, Dec. 22, 1902.

Editor Press:—

There is a rapidly growing conviction in Washington that the Venezuelan episode when passed will have added another laurel to the reputation of Secretary Hay as a diplomat and that the course of straight forward diplomacy, as exemplified by President Roosevelt's exposition of the Monroe Doctrine in his first message to Congress, will have scored another victory. The statement that "The Powers concerned, (Great Britain and Germany) will deal solely with the United States in the matter of arbitration," is regarded as the greatest recognition the Monroe Doctrine has ever received. The acceptance by the Allies of the arbitration proposals forwarded by Secretary Hay, although accompanied by some condition which complicate the situation, is regarded as foreshadowing the peaceful conclusion of the present difficulty and the administration has turned its attention to fecilitating that end. While it is obviously impossible for the United States to guarantee the payment of such indemnity and damages as may be allowed by the arbitrators, the Government will make it clear to such American financiers as may become interested in the situation, that it will use its power to protect them in any loan they may make to Venezuela.

Secretary Hay, Ambassador Herbert and Senator Depew, the latter representing the Seligmans, have already had one conference with a view to determining what can be done to enable Venezuela to meet her obligations and it is believed that eventually a satisfactory settlement will be the outcome of the interest displayed by the American bankers. Representative Hitt, chairman of the committee on Foreign Affairs, said to-day, "Both parties in the House believe that the administration has handled the Venezuelan affair with great good judgment and the resolution passed by the House asking for information should not be construed as arguing a want of confidence. The Monroe Doctrine has been strengthened in three ways. The Powers by refraining from landing troops on South American soil have shown a respect for the Doctrine which will constitute a precedent, the jealousy with which the American people regard the Doctrine has been demonstrated and South American countries have again been taught the lesson that they cannot repudiate their just debts and hope to get behind the Monroe Doctrine for protection.

Taking the Venezuelan situation as a text, Secretary Moody delivered a powerful argument before the House Committee on Naval Affairs recently. He cited the President's statement that "Our Navy must be a match for any," and proceeded to demonstrate the necessity for six new ships to be authorized by Congress this year. The President is earnestly backing up the wishes of his Secretary of the Navy. He has said "I am in favor of building warships every year until the United States Navy shall be as strong as any in the world." Every influence which is at the command of the Administration will be brought to bear on Congress to secure liberal treatment of the Navy but there is evident a disinclination on the part of the Naval Committee to commit the country to a policy which it fears will entail heavy taxation.

All Smokers smoke the "W. H. Mayer" hand made cigar, the best five cent cigar on the market. Be sure you ask for it. 24-tf.

Partly Correct, Brother.

Brother Mullin, of the Cameron County Press has his scrapping clothes on. In the recent election he was a candidate for member of the General Assembly. His opponent was one Francis Xavier Blumle, who, when not a candidate for office, is the Cameron county representative of the St. Mary's Beer Trust. When the vote was counted Blumle was found to have a majority of 79 votes.

According to the petition of Hon. Henry H. Mullin there was some wholesale bribing done and a general debauchery of the voters by the use of intoxicants, it being specifically charged that agents from Elk county were sent into Cameron to gather up votes for Blumle by the use of money and liquor.

Cameron county is too small a county to successfully endure the strenuous and rapid-fire campaign methods of Elk county and its rum-ridden ring, and for the sake of decent politics it is to be hoped that Brother Mullin will be able to substantiate his claims and and prove his allegations.—Lock Haven Times.

Reported R. R. Changes.

The following slate, it was reported will go into effect with the retirement of J. B. Hutchinson as general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

W. W. Atterbury, now general superintendent of motive power, to be general manager.

J. M. Wallis, general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Division, to retire.

G. W Creighton, general superintendent of the Buffalo & Allegheny Valley Division to succeed J. M. Wallis.

R. L. O'Donnel, superintendent of the Pittsburg Division, to succeed G. W. Creighton.

R. T. Morrow, assistant superintendent of the Pittsburg Division, stationed at Uniontown, in charge of the Southwest branch, to succeed R. L. O'Donnel.

How nearly official this slate is cannot yet be ascertained. It is the one accepted as correct by many of the Pennsylvania officials of lower rank and the untitled employes.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Must Not Engage in Other Business.

The Pennsylvania railroad has issued an order that its employes must not be engaged in any other business while working for the company. A number of conductors were interested in restaurants along the line of the road, some of them operated coal yards, others had groceries: one on an eastern division was the silent partner in a saloon. In fact, there was hardly any branch of business but some one working for the Pennsylvania, in the train service particularly, had an interest in it. The position of the railroad company is that the time of the employes all belongs to the railroad, and in the train service especially, if trainmen have outside business cares on the minds, they are apt to neglect the affairs of the company.

A Well Known Cigar Maker Expires After a Lingering Illness.

Edwin Shultz, the well known cigarmaker, died at his home on East Bald Eagle street of laryngitis Tuesday. He was about 48 years old. His wife and three children survive. His surviving brothers and sister are: William, this city; Harry, Jacob and Lizzie, of Hanover.—Lock Haven Democrat.

The deceased was for several years a resident of Emporium, where he was engaged in business While here he took active interest in Rescue Hook and Ladder Co., and served as secretary for several years. He had many friends here. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hayes, and John Cruise of this place, attended the funeral.

Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, of this place, sent a beautiful floral pillow, for which the family desires the PRESS to return thanks.

Humorous Experiences Abroad.—Lecture by the Hon. W. M. Chandler.

In spite of the slush and rain the court-room was nearly filled last Saturday evening on the occasion of Mr. Chandler's lecture. The lecturer abundantly made good his reputation as an entertainer and instructive speaker. A native of Kentucky, he has the Southerner's temperamental love and ceptitude for oratory; a lawyer, he is shrewd and keen in observation, and pungent and logical in expression, an American, he is enthusiastically loyal to his country; one who has travelled and lived abroad, he has learned to see his country as foreigners see it. We wish to commend particularly the tactful way in which he uttered some very just and much needed criticisms upon certain American habits and ideals.

Another Year Gone.

With this issue closes another year, one of the most prosperous ever known in Emporium. Everybody appears to be happy and prosperous and it is to be hoped that 1903 will be equally so. The PRESS wishes one and all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. To give all employes, as well as ye editor, a little rest, we shall not issue a paper next week.

FATAL R. R. ACCIDENT.

Two Men Killed and Three Seriously Injured Near Kane Thursday Night.

A runaway car loaded with lumber crashed into a double headed freight at 11:20 last Thursday night just west of Kane on the P. & road.

The dead are Engineer James Murphy, of Kane, and Engineer Chas. Diefenbaugh, of Erie. The injured are W. H. Graw, of 411 Park Ave., Kane, who is at Kane Summit Hospital seriously bruised about the head but not thought to be in a critical condition. Brakeman Fred Davis of Erie, sustained a badly crushed right arm and is suffering from shock, but will recover. Fireman Sechrist, of Erie was bruised and cut about the face aud head but waiked to Ludlow and received medical attendance.

The injured men were brought to Kane Summit Hospital where Company Surgeon Thos. L. Kane cared for them. Dr. Evan O'N Kane went to the scene of the wreck to render assistance to any in need but when the two engineers were taken from among broken timber and twisted iron they were dead. The body of Mr. Murphy was taken to Vollmer's undertaking rooms and the news gently borne to his wife and five children at their home on Haines street. Here a few hours before the husband and father had gone forth to duty and the task of telling them of their loss was one that only a firm friend and Christian could do. The body of Engineer Diefenbaugh was cared for by Undertaker Carrier and will be sent to his home in Erie. He is about 40 years old and married.

The cause of the accident was a runaway car of lumber which got away because of a defective brake while being switched in Kane yard it plunged down the grade westward for nearly five miles and must have acquired a fearful momentum when it crashed into the two engines hauling a heavy freight. The lumber shot over the cabs of both locomotives demolishing them and blocking the track for a time.—Kane Leader. Mr. James Murphy, the dead engineer, was a brother of Michael Murphy, of Emporium, and was well and favorably known in this county. His remains were taken to Driftwood for interment, the funeral being held on Monday morning. Deceased leaves a wife and five children to mourn his entimely death.

James Murphy was for more than twenty years a resident of Driftwood, where he had many friends. The funeral was largely attended by relatives and friends. Those in attendance were: Mrs. Kate Murphy, (mother), Patrick and William Curtin, (nephews), Mert Filanigan and mother, (sister and nephew), Jos. and Chas. Murphy, (cousins), Mr. and Mrs. Cornelley, (cousins), all of Pittsburg; John Murphy and wife, (cousins), Renovo; John Maloney, (cousin), Mr. Michael Murphy, (brother), aad wife and daughter, Emporium; Mrs. Bush, Du Boss; Thos. J. Lysett, Emporium; P. W. Murphy, (brother) Du Bois.

That Petition.

The political editor of the Independent is very much worried because the signers to the petition for the election contest are men of principle and fail to see why they should repudiate their action, after all means were used—threats of dire vengence, boy-cot, etc.—to persuade them to withdraw. The signers to that petition knew full well what they were signing, gladly placed their names thereon and endorsed the representations in no unmistakable terms. No threats can deter the force of that document and if, as the wise man, who has the distiny of Cameron county in his pocket, desires to tamper with that petition's signatures, go ahead. The names upon that contest petition are all sufficient and exactly suits us, if it does not some other people. We are abundantly able to handle our end of the contest and propose doing so through the proper channel, not through the columns of newspapers. The effort of the Independent to misrepresent and cast reflections upon honorable citizens, who exercise their constitutional right, may go with ninnys, but such balderdash will react to the detriment of those who inspire the attacks. Go on with with your "covering up" business, gentlemen—it is too late.

BRIEF MENTION.

The Keystone Powder Company remembers the PRESS with a neat 1903 calendar and blotter.

The Climax Powder Company, as usual, issue an expensive calendar and favors the PRESS with one.

FOR SALE.—A small lot, with building, corner of Sixth and Cherry. For terms apply to.

MRS. J. G. BRYAN.

John Pistner, an engineer on Pittsburg, Shawmut & Nothern railroad, was instantly killed naar Brockwayville, last Wednesday.

Barclay Brothers, the extensive lumber manufacturers, have issued a neat 1903 calender and kindly remembered the PRESS.

William E. Gray, aged 40, a prominent lawyer and Republican politician, died on Debember 12th of typhoid fever at Bellefonte, Center county.

The apple crop of Orleans county, N. Y., is estimated at 1,000,000 barrels and its value to the growers at $1,250,000, More than 200,000 barrels of apples are in storage in Albion.

Well may "the gang" creep around, coax, threat and sneak, thereby hoping to gain some information. You are uy against the real thing and you know it and the people know it.

FOR SALE.—I have six team of horses; six wagons; eight pairs of heavy log sleds; harness; some lumberman's tools etc., for sale.

G. W. HUNTLEY,
Driftwood, Pa.

Arthur Pewterbaugh, employed in P. & E. yard at Ridgway, as brakeman met with an awful accident last Thursday morning, both legs being crushed. He was taken to Ridgway's hospital, where his legs were amputated. Little hope was entertained for the young man's life at last report received from Ridgway.

Mr. W. W. Arnold, who makes his home with his son, N. T. Arnold, of this place, had an apoplectic stroke on Friday last, and has since been quite low. He is quite an old man and the doctor thinks it possible for him to live some time yet—though it is not supposed he will ever be so well again.—Ridgway Advocate.

The following unidentified paragraph floating around in the joke columns deserves a different classification: A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hyprocrite's mask. To a young girl faith, to a married woman hope, and to an old maid charity.—Nashville Banner.

In last week's Austin Autograph Editor Caskey proceeded to demolish the editor of this journal with an "inspiration," giving his opinion of Cameron county politics. Having utterly failed to "graft" Potter county politics he evidently feels that he must make a desperate effort to "do his bidding" across the line. Young man, just keep your eye on the deal and when the contest in this county is decided you will feel mightily ashamed of the company you have kept politically. We agree with friend Caskey that election contests SOME TIMES have two sides, but in this case it is different. See?

Masonic Banquet.

Emporium Lodge and Chapter gave a Banquet at Warner House last Thursday evening to their members, wives and visiting brethern, one hundred and twenty partaking of the good things prepared by mine host Manette The tables were beautifully arranged, while the menu consisted of all the delicacies of the season.

After partaking of the dinner an hour was given up to toasting under the direction of Worshipful Master Mr Alfred Hockley, District Deputy Grand Master Geo. A. Brown, of Lock Haven who was in town for the purpose of installing the officers of Emporium Lodge, was the first to respond and was followed by several members. Rev. O. S. Metzler, pastor of First Methodist Episcopal church, who is one of the most entertaining after-dinner talkers in the country, spoke in a very eloquent and pleasing manner. As an orator he has a bright future. Mrs. M. M. Larrabee, one of Cameron county's most talented ladies, spoke for five minutes upon the side of "A Mason's Wife." Mrs. Larabee always has something good to say and knows how to say it

It is hoped that in the future a larger room can be procured for such occasions, which will add to the comfort of those in attendance.

Found.

A gents gold ring was found near Portage bridge. The owner can have same by proving property and paying for this notice.

A. L. ENSIGN.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

WOLVERTON.

Wilber S. Wolverton, for many years an invalid, died Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock at the home of his uncle, J. S. Douglas, South Berry St., of congestion of the lungs. Services were held at the house yesterday, afternoon, after which the remains were taken to Saladasburg, Pa., for burial.—Olean, N. Y., Times, Dec. 19th.

DEWEY.

WILLIAM DEWEY, aged 51 years, died at the residence of Allen Wright, this place, on Tuesday morning of typhoid pneumonia, after an illness of only a few days. Interment was made in Rich Valley Cemetery. Mr. Dewey has resided in Cameron county for many years and followed the occupation of woodsman.

CHATHAM.

MRS. SARAH CHATHAM died Saturday morning, Dec. 20th, 1902 aged 81 years and five months.

The immediate cause of her death was pneumonia, though for a number of years she has been afflicted with partial blindness and the infirmities attendant upon old age. She was born in Easton, Pa, is survived by three sons and two daughters, George Van Lew, of Butler, Pa, William Van Lew, of the state of Washington, Charles Van Lew of town, Mrs. Driver of Clinton County and Mrs. Harlan, of Jersey Shore. For the past ten years she has made her home with her son Charles and his wife of town, by whom she has been tenderly and faithfully cared for. She was a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, the services of which she regularly attended as her health would permit. She was a person of rare patience, great christian fortitude and faith and died in the full comfort and hope of the gospel. Her character was indeed beautiful. Her disposition bright and sunny, and all feel the better for being in her society. The funeral was held at the home of her son Charles on Monday afternoon, her pastor the Rev. O. S. Metzler officiating. The music was rendered by a quartette composed of Dr. Heilman, I. K. Hockley, Charles Felt and Geo. A. Walker, Jr.

Christmas at M. E. Church, Thursday Evening at 7 O'clock.

Voluntary.....Orchestra.
Singing, Merry Christmas.....School.
Prayer.....Pastor.
Address of welcome.....Kate Metzger.
Solo, Santa Claus.....Mary Mulliner.
Recitations,
Girls, Lillian Heilman's Class
A one-quarter hour exercise entitled, "The Defense of Santa Claus and His Friends."
Characters—
Prince Charming,
Princess Charming.
Queen of the Fairies.
Santa Claus,
Fairies and Brownies.
Opening Chorus.
Waiting for Santa Claus.
Closing Chorus.
A Hymn to the Prince of Peace.
(Air: "Webb.")
Sung by Congregation.

All hail! O Prince Triumphant! All hail! the children's King.
Accept the humble praises that loving hearts must bring.
All hail! the happy morning that marks the lowly birth;
All hail! the blessed message he brought the waiting earth.
Forever be his spirit in every heart supreme.
Let kindliness forever flow forth in gentle stream.
Till all earth's little children shall gather from afar
To seek, and find, and worship, the Child beneath the Star!

Serious Wreck.

A serious wreck occurred on Barclay Brothers log road, at Sinnamahoning, Tuesday morning. An engine and several cars were dumped down an em bankment, killing one man, an Italian. Several other men were more or less injured. The large locomotive was completely wrecked and tumbled down an embankment.

Emmanuel Church Christmas Service.

Christmas Day, 10 a. m., Morning Prayer and Administration of the Holy Communion.

The offering will be for the Diocesan Chistmas Fund.

The sunday school festival and tree Christmas Eve at 7 o'clock.

Give us More Light.

While the electric light service has been greatly improved during the past month there is room for a little better service. As long as the tax-payers are paying for the services of an engineer it would meet the desire of our citizens if the lights might be turned on a little earlier and kept on all night. An hour earlier, Mr. Councilmen would please our citizens very much.

WEATHER REPORT.
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
CHRISTMAS, Snow, part rain.
FRIDAY, Snowflurries.
SATURDAY, Fair.
SUNDAY, Fair.

Christmas!
Christmas!

Old Reliable Drug Store

STOCK IS SIMPLY IMMENSE.

To fully enumerate is simply impossible but in part we have

China Ware by the car load.
Dolls by the hundred.
Book up-to-date.
Books Juvenile.
Book of Standard poets.
Baby carriages by the dozen.
Games of every kind.
Mechanical to tickle the boys.
Leather goods for the ladies.
Leather goods for the gentlemen
Leather goods for the children.
Comb and Brush sets. A great variety.
Military sets in quantities.
Christmas tree ornaments for all
Mirrors in frames of gold.
Mirrors in frames of wood.
Mirrors round.
Mirrors square.
Mirrors oblong.
Mirrors Triplicate.
Shooting galleries for the boys.
Tool chests for the boys.
Black board for boys and girls.
Artistic pictures with frames of gold.
Artistic pictures in frames of wood.
Artistic pictures in frames of metal.
Stationery both fancy and plain
Stationery in box, tablets or bulk.
Brushes for the hair.
Brushes for the clothes.
Brushes for the bath.
Brushes for the nails.
Brushes for the teeth.
Brushes for the complexion.
Brushes Shaving.
Perfumes none superior.
Toilet articles in great variety.
Rocking Horses for the little ones.
Vases, wall—come and see.
Odor Sprayers of new designs.
Water Sets of glass, very fine.
Books—new, by Mrs. E. M. Newton, soon.
Furniture sets to please the little ones.

In fact we have almost everything except high prices, and if you want that you can get it almost any store except here. Don't make the mistake to purchase your holiday goods until you have looked our stock over.

L. TAGGART.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

A Good Book Is a Good Friend.

The service one renders another in commending to him a good book, which he comes to value, is like that he performs in introducing him to a person who subsequently becomes a close friend. For, as the Boston Watchman has observed, it is in the power of books to enter into the very substance of our lives and to become fountains of strength and joy. Nothing, of course, can ever take the place of the force that radiates to one in association with a noble and strong personality; but next to that probably stands the power of books. In them we also come into relation with the personal forces transmitted through the medium of the printed page. And some writers have the faculty of transmitting themselves through that medium with singularly little diminution of power. It is not within the resources of many of us to have large circles of acquaintance with the choicest people. But for a dollar or two and the price of a light one may have spread before him the thoughts, the fancies, the discoveries and the speculations of the wisest and brightest human souls. For one who has tasted of the pleasure of communing with a congenial author there are few human satisfactions comparable with that of reading a book that appeals to you with a message for which you are ready.

The Baltimore school board, having decided to establish a cooking school, advertised for a teacher, offering a salary of $540. No cooking school graduates responded, the only applicants being cooks, one of them a colored woman, and the superintendent would not employ any of them. Then it was discovered that the law required a competitive examination, and not a teacher in the schools was competent to hold the examination. When one of the teachers was asked what she would do if she married, she replied: "Why, hire some one, of course." Those who were previously opposed to the teaching of cooking in the schools before these facts were discovered are reconsidering the matter.

Postmaster General Payne is opposed to female rural mail carriers, and is likely to dismiss some that have been appointed. He is of the opinion that women carriers cannot endure the hardships necessary in such work during the winter months; but before he makes any changes he should certainly give the ladies a fair chance to demonstrate how efficient they are. In many lines of work women have proved themselves as capable as men, and when it comes to braving the storms of winter in the face of duty they have not been found wanting.

Two "leper missionaries," as they are called, were recently received by President Roosevelt in the white house. Of course these two missionaries are not lepers, but they help to make life better worth living in the leper colony in Surinam, South America. This missionary work is of special importance to the United States on account of our growing trade with Surinam, where 3,000 lepers have their home. Rev. and Mrs. Henry T. Weiss were much gratified at the interest the president showed in their work.

The Chinese of New York are planning to erect a hospital in the Chinatown of that city, where their sick may be treated by physicians of their own race. This hospital, if it is established, is to be conducted on the oriental plan, and will be a distinct oddity in this country.

A Detroit woman grabbed the hat of a thief who snatched her purse the other day. That's just like a woman. The robber got the money and can buy a new hat, but the victim can't do anything with the plunder she captured. A man would have made a grab for the thief's watch, at least.

California ranks sixth as an onion-producing state, according to the census reports, having 2,207 acres that yielded 514,859 bushels, worth $296,671. New York takes first place, with an acreage of 6,033, producing 2,177,271 bushels.

HOME COMMERCE PRODIGIOUS.

Enormous Business of the United States Built Up by the Republican Protective Policy.

Americans are accustomed to seeing big figures, for this is a big country and the figures which tell of its development are necessarily in keeping with it. But familiar as most of us may be with the magnitude of the exhibits made from time to time, there is little doubt that many will be surprised and impressed by the statements made by O. P. Austin, chief of the bureau of statistics of the United States treasury department—and who, by the way, was formerly the Washington correspondent of the Troy Times. Mr. Austin has been delivering a series of lectures at the Columbian university in Washington on the subject of "The Growth of the Internal Commerce of the United States," and has presented in compact form a great deal of very valuable information on this point, says the Troy Times.

Mr. Austin has shown that the commerce between the nations of the world has grown from $1,500,000,000 in 1800 to $20,000,000,000 in 1890, or from about $2 for each individual in the world in 1800 to $13 for each individual in 1890, and that the foreign commerce of the United States has made even more rapid gains, our exports of domestic merchandise having grown from $32,000,000 in 1880 to $1,460,000,000 in 1900, or 46 times as much at the close of the century as at its beginning.

Dealing especially with internal commerce, Mr. Austin said it aggregates as much as the total foreign commerce of all the nations of the world, and has grown from a comparatively insignificant sum at the beginning of the last century to fully $20,000,000,000 at the present time. This growth has been mainly due to the transportation facilities, which opened up the interior of this highly productive country, whose variety of production and great area make the interchange between its various sections very large and also easy.

The result of this great activity in our internal as well as foreign commerce is that the United States has become the most prosperous and the wealthiest nation of the world. Its exports of domestic merchandise are greater than those of any other nation, the money in circulation and stock of gold exceed those of any other country, and its national wealth is also the largest in the world and is rapidly growing. The wealth in the United States has increased from $7,000,000,000 in 1850 to $30,000,000,000 in 1870, $65,000,000,000 in 1890 and $100,000,000,000 in 1902, and the per capita wealth from $307 in 1850 to $1,265 in 1902.

All this has been brought about practically within a century—hardly a span in the life of old nations, some of which were enjoying wealth and prosperity for hundreds of years before the United States came into existence. And most of it has been gained, notwithstanding the enormous drainage caused by the bloody and costly civil war, within the last 40 years, under progressive republican control and the wise and beneficent republican policy of protection.

Solidly Republican.

Another practically solid section of the country is that part of it included in the 15 states west of the Mississippi river. Four years ago the republicans carried eight of these states and the democrats and populists seven. In the recent elections, the republicans carried them all, except the rotten borough of Nevada, by majorities aggregating about 278,000 votes. Of the 58 congressmen chosen in these trans-Mississippi states the republicans appear to have elected 49 and the democrats nine. The change from the conditions existing in that section of the country, where Bryanism was more or less rampant, is something remarkable, and is not readily accounted for unless it can be said to be due to the general prosperity of the people there, and the personal prosperity of President Roosevelt in the Rocky mountain regions, as well as in those of the cowboy.—Boston Herald (Ind.).

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

☞The populist yell captured the democratic party in 1896. Look out for the socialist shout of short division in 1904.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞There is some comment because the president failed to put a bear story into his message. He had a trust story, however, and that is more important.—Cleveland Leader.

☞President Roosevelt makes it clear that he does not agree with those political doctors who prescribed tariff smashing as the exclusive nostrum for trust evils.—Omaha Bee.

☞The expression of leading republican senators in Washington is unanimous in favor of some legislation to strengthen the anti-trust laws—to regulate commerce, not to destroy it.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞Boston's anti-imperialist league has not yet given up the fight against the republican party. Even those who may be unfriendly to the league must admit that it can stand some terrific jars.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞The president has done his whole duty. He has riddled the armor of those who for months have been endeavoring to lead him into the pitfall that they term greatness. It was said of one president that he was greater than his party. It provoked his ruin. There is no man in the republican party that is greater than the record which it has given the people of the United States since the day that the Pathfinder unfurled its banner to liberty and intelligence.—Albany Journal.

A PARTY FOR AMERICAN MEN.

That Is What the Republican Party Has Been Made by Its Leaders in Every Section.

The Birmingham Age-Herald asserts that the president has designated three well-known and highly respectable gentlemen of Alabama as referees or consulters with reference to federal appointments in that state, and that these gentlemen are opposed to the so-called "lily white" movement.

Assuming that the Age-Herald's statement is true, as it well may be, the action and attitude it records are entirely characteristic of Theodore Roosevelt. The law bestows upon the president an enormous responsibility for appointments to office, but provides him with practically no official means of obtaining the knowledge necessary to meet that responsibility, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Hence the practice long ago grew up of the president looking to, in districts and states whose representatives in congress are not in sympathy with the administration, certain men in whose judgment he had confidence for information about the character of applicants for office. This system has prevailed under all administrations, but because of its unofficial status public attention has not been often directed to its existence.

It is entirely characteristic of President Roosevelt's frank and open temper that he should openly use a method which all presidents have found necessary, but which a former democratic president thought fit to use with more or less concealment, as if he were rather ashamed of it. That the president should choose for his confidential advisers in Alabama men opposed to such unrepublican politics as the "lily white" movement represents is also characteristic of his devotion to republican principles.

The failure of the republican party in the southern states in the '70s was due chiefly to the fact that many of its local leaders tried to make it a black man's party—or at least gave it the semblance of an organization of more or less ignorant black men against the intelligence and property of the community. The "lily white" movement is an equal blunder in the opposite direction. In Alabama it has attempted to exclude even intelligent and property-owning black men from politics. As such it is an unrepublican movement, and can have no sympathy from the president or any other thinking republican.

For the republican party is neither a white man's nor a black man's nor the rich man's nor the poor man's party. It is what its real leaders have ever made it all over the country, and what the president is trying to make it in the south—just an American man's party, thoroughly American in every sense of the word, because it is, without discrimination of race, color, religion, or material condition, for the upright American man.

"REVISIONISTS" OF TARIFF.

Where the Demand for a Ripping Up of the Whole Tariff System Comes From.

The "tariff revisionists" are simply free-trade democrats, except as they are reenforced by a few selfish manufacturers who have hitherto called themselves republicans because they desired protection for their products but now hope for still further profit to themselves by conspiring with the free traders to take away the protection which others enjoy, says the San Francisco Chronicle. We do not hesitate to declare that there are not now, and have not been since 1897, a thousand real republicans in the United States who desire any change whatever in the schedules of the Dingley tariff, except as they have secret hopes of some special profit to themselves at the expense of other Americans. The persistent democratic story that the republicans of "the west" demand a revision of the tariff is a persistent democratic lie. The voters of Iowa, who thought they wanted "tariff revision" voted for the democratic candidate who was sure to help them get it. He was buried under 70,000 majority. We deny that there is or has been any republican demand for tariff tinkering in any part of the middle west. The vote of the Mississippi states shows an increased determination to uphold republican doctrines. If any republican leader professes to desire tariff revision he does so not because he believes it would be good for the country, but because he has been scared by the shouting of the democrats.

There is conclusive evidence that republicans desire no change in the fact that there has not been named on any republican platform or in any republican journal a single articles on which a reduction of duty is demanded. If republican protectionists desired any change it would be in respect to some particular article or some particular schedule. They would state their specific demand and give their specific reason. A vague demand for "tariff revision" is simply a demand for ripping up the whole system. The term was invented by democrats as more alluring than the "free trade" for which it stands.

☞Ex-President Cleveland has again been lecturing the democratic party on its duty. He says it must not imitate the example of the man who sat down between two chairs and consequently fell with a dull, sickening thud, but it must return to its old seat and adopt its old principles, which are summed up in "a tariff for revenue only," better known as free trade. And Henry Watterson, who has charge of the star-eyed goddess, says Grover Cleveland is the man who betrayed the sacred cause of tariff reform!—Troy Times.

ANGLO-GERMAN ALLIANCE.

Englishmen Are Sick of It—Opinions of the British Press Concerning the Venezuelan Imbroglio.

London, Dec. 18.—The developments in the Venezuelan imbroglio, as revealed by Premier Balfour's statements in parliament yesterday, have resulted in bringing out in the press this morning stronger expressions than ever of the desire to reach some pacific settlement of the difficulty.

It is said on behalf of the government that even in last July, when German co-operation was first mooted, the British government fully recognized the possibility of war with Venezuela and only postponed action until the winter at the suggestion of the admiralty, and in order to avoid the unhealthy season.

On the other hand, those who declare that the government of the United States forced the government of Great Britain into a virtual declaration of war are not lacking. Certainly a considerable portion of the British public was rather disagreeably surprised to find that Great Britain actually was at war, and that this war might for many months to come require the presence of a large naval force in Venezuelan waters and put a stop to all British trade with Venezuela.

Henry Norman, M. P., in a newspaper article published this morning in which he emphasizes the dangers of the position into which Germany is dragging Great Britain, contends that the only safe and dignified course for Great Britain is to seek satisfaction through co-operation with the United States.

Mr. Norman's opinion reflects a very widespread feeling with regard to the Anglo-German agreement and concerning the question of how the United States would view the existence of a state of warfare between the powers and Venezuela. The newspapers this morning ask:

"What would happen should Germany choose to seize Margarita island as a base for the blockade?"

The Daily News, in an editorial declares that the new European concert "is not to coerce a bankrupt republic, but is a revolt against the Monroe doctrine."

The Times gives great prominence to a letter from Sir Robert Giffen declaring that the foreign office gravely blundered in associating itself with Germany against Venezuela. Sir Robert contends that a blockade will be useless against a bankrupt state, while the seizure of customs will be tantamount to annexation and full of danger. "Further," continues the writer, "however much we may bring Venezuela to its knees, no solvent government will remain with which to deal."

Sir Robert strikes his most alarming note when he refers to the danger of Germany embroiling Great Britain with the United States. He believes that Germany would not hesitate to occupy Venezuelan territory, and he thinks the less said about British claims the better. He says he doubts if Great Britain has any moral claims against Venezuela and concludes with these words:

"The best course is to cry off at all hazards and, at the utmost, exact punishment for the injured seamen by getting hold, if possible, of the guilty Venezuelan officials."

ALMOST IMPREGNABLE.

A French Diplomat Says that Venezuela's Capital Would be Hard to Capture.

Paris, Dec. 18.—M. Thiesse, formerly minister of France to Venezuela, and who lived many years in Venezuela, has been interviewed concerning the situation there. He said:

"Venezuela can put 400,000 men in the field, and even foreigners there are liable for military service. A number of the younger officers received their education in the military schools of France and Germany. The Venezuelans are armed with Martini and Remington rifles and have a few Maxim and Krupp guns. They have no cavalry.

"Caracas is almost impregnable, owing to the fact that it is situated on the other side of a mountain range about 6,000 feet high. These mountains are impassable except by steep mule paths where 20 men could stop a whole regiment. There is a railroad from La Guaira to Caracas, but the destruction of a single bridge would render the line useless. If, by a miracle, Caracas shall be taken, the Venezuelans would wage a guerilla warfare, as they did against Spain."

Earthquake Destroys a City.

Ashkabad, Russian Turkestan, Dec. 18.—The town of Andijan was totally destroyed by an earthquake Tuesday. The number of fatalities is not yet ascertained. The population is threatened with starvation. Shocks were felt in surrounding villages and a railway at Andijan was destroyed for a considerable distance. Andijan is a town of Russian Asia. It had a population of about 30,000 souls.

Insanity Plea Didn't Win.

New York, Dec. 17.—Thomas Tobin was yesterday convicted of the murder of Capt. James B. Craft, of Glencove, L. I., whose decapitated body was found about two months ago in the Empire music hall. The defense sought to prove insanity, but numerous experts testified that the prisoner was sane.

Clerks Get the Worst of It.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 18.—The difficulty which western railroads are finding in keeping enough mechanical help is affecting in a peculiar manner the clerks they employ. Some of the roads have begun reducing salaries of the office employes. The high wages paid to mechanical help makes it necessary, the companies say, to retrench in expenses and the roads are doing this among their office forces. No organizations exist among the clerks, but it is understood that steps will be taken to protest against the reduction policy.

TO PREVENT FRAUD.

Bertillon System Will Be Used to Identify New York Employes.

Fraudulent impersonations made by laborers in the street-cleaning department led the municipal civil service commission of New York to adopt a rule requiring such employes to submit to the Bertillon system of measurement in order to permit the identification at any time of men in the city's employ. The system is in use in this country almost exclusively for the identification of criminals. It is the intention of the civil service commission to extend the system to other departments where laborers are hired in large numbers and possibly to the police and fire departments, where, it is said, gross frauds have been perpetrated by substitution of one man for another while examinations are in progress.

At the meeting of the committee it is said that in the last three months 20 cases have been discovered where men have been working under assumed names and using cards that had been given to them by the original employes. In many cases, it was said, the men caught had only been in the country a short time. Indication cards are to be used. On these will be noticed the color of the man's hair and eyes, his stature, the length of his feet, forearms and thumbs, the size of his head and ears and any distinguishing marks or blemishes that may be discovered.

The decision of the commission was reached after the street cleaning department officials had conducted a rigid inquiry into several cases where substitution was suspected. In one of these a man working under an assumed name was discharged in court, the magistrate holding that no law had been violated. Hereafter where misrepresentation is discovered the owner of the identification card and the holder of it will be dismissed from the service. The infliction of this penalty debars both men from entering the city's employ for a year.

"GREAT HEAVENS!" IS BAD.

The Co-Eds at the Northwestern University Now Say "Fudge" Instead.

Northwestern university co-eds at Evanston, Ill., use "swear words" even though they don't mean to be profane in the least. So says Prof. J. Scott Clark, head of the English department of the university, and he took the young women sorely to task for their failing in his sophomore composition class.

"Great heavens" is the favorite "swear word" of the co-eds, according to Prof. Clark, and it is just as sinful in a feminine mouth as "damn" in the mouth of a young man.

"Don't shock me by ejaculating 'great heavens,'" said Prof. Clark to his class. "It is a profane expression. I want to warn the young wowen in this class, especially, because I know they are in the habit of using the expression more than the young men. When you say 'great heavens' you are taking a sacred name in vain. I hear girls using the words every day, and would feel almost like blushing if I were not aware that they didn't mean it for anything bad."

The expression which prompted the remark on feminine profanity was found by Prof. Clark in a co-ed theme, which he read before his class. The 30 young women were indignant at the accusation aimed at them, but have decided to throw over "great heavens," and henceforth say nothing stronger than "Oh, fudge!"

Practiced.

First Fan—That rightfielder is mighty light on his feet. Look how he went into the air for that fly.

Second Fan—Well, he ought to be. He's jumped eight contracts so far this season.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Exchange.—Mother (who has been out for the day)—"Tommy, did you take that medicine that I told you to, when I was away?" Tommy—"No, ma. Willie Jones came in, and he liked it so, I exchanged it with him for a sour apple."—The King.

FILLETED BY INSTALLMENTS.

He Thought His Bones Were to Be Taken from Him a Bit at a Time.

At the Royal national hospital, Ventnor, recently a patient found a very small piece of splintered bone work out through his skin. Next day he happened to be called up for medical examination, with some four or five other patients. In the consulting room he told the physician of the preceding day's incident, relates the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Can you produce the piece of bone?" said the latter. Whereupon the fellow carefully unwrapped a little piece of paper and handed over the tiny object. The doctor made some remarks about its chemical nature, and passed it on to the resident medical officers for further scrutiny.

The patient was then dismissed, and in the next room caused some amusement among the few fellow sufferers present by the remark: "That's all right, ain't it? I wonder what he'll do next. He's started sneakin' my confounded skeleton, and says how very interestin' it is!"

The vainest hopes are generally the most roseate.—Chicago Journal.

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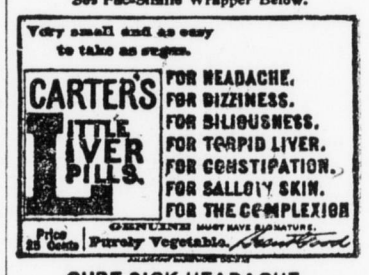

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AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea" or

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All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it to day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, Box 295, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Send 15 cents TODAY for our large General Catalogue No. 71. It gives pictures, descriptions and prices on almost everything you eat, wear or use. Save ¼ to ½ on everything you purchase by sending your orders to

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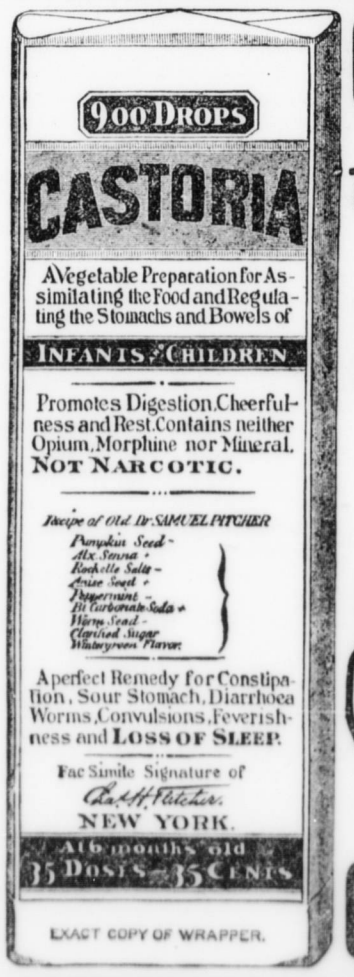
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Indigestion is often caused by overeating. An eminent authority says the harm done thus exceeds that from the excessive use of alcohol. Eat all the good food you want but don't overload the stomach. A weak stomach may refuse to digest what you eat. Then you need a good digestant like Kodol, which digests your food without the stomach's aid. This rest and the wholesome tonics Kodol contains soon restore health. Dieting unnecessary. Kodol quickly relieves the feeling of fulness and bloating from which some people suffer after meals. Absolutely cures indigestion.

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Fall and Winter Announcement.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods is now complete. We have a nice line of heavy goods for Jacket suits, and also several pieces of heavy goods for rainy-day skirts.

A full line of Ladies Wrappers for fall and winter in calico, percale and flannelette, sizes 32 to 44, from $1.00 to $1.85 each.

We have a large stock of white and colored all wool blankets and the prices are very low for the grade of goods.

Our stock of mercerized satin under skirts is complete. These skirts are made of the best material that can be bought for the price, and are not a back number. They are going rapidly. Do not wait until they are nearly all gone before looking them over. Prices, $1.00, $1.35, $2.00 and $2.35 These prices are special for this lot.

Have just received a shipment of ladies belts. The latest in black and colors. Prices, 25c, 50c and $1.00 each. Also a lot of new applique trimming in black and white.

While in our store ask to see the

Lansdown Waist Patterns.

Our custom made Clothing is giving the greatest satisfaction, as is attested by the increased business we are doing in this line. We guarantee the fit and can save you from 10 to 25% on your clothing.

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CHILD LABOR LAWS

They Seem to be Disregarded in Vicinity of Scranton, Pa.

Non-Union Men Testify—They Were Victims of Mob Violence, Their Relatives Were Boycotted and Their Lives Made Miserable by the Strikers.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 16.—The mine workers, after occupying 19 days in presenting about 160 witnesses practically closed their case before the anthracite coal strike commission yesterday.

Several little girls employed in silk mills were called to the witness stand and as a result Chairman Gray plainly gave his opinion of parents who send their children to work at a tender age. The first girl called was only 11 years old and she had to go to work because her father had been hurt in the mines. She said she worked from 7 a. m. until 6 p. m. for $2 a week.

Another 13-year-old girl said she worked all night in the silk mill at Dunmore for 66 cents a night.

Judge Gray here inquired as to the law in Pennsylvania regarding child labor at night. One statute was found which partially covered the case, and the chairman remarked that it seemed as though the statutes of Pennsylvania in this part of the state do not seem to bother any one.

After hearing all girl witnesses the miners put a breaker boy on the stand. He is 14 years old and has a 10-year-old brother working in the breaker of the Red Ash Company at Mount Carmel.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 17.—Notwithstanding that the mine workers announced Monday that they had closed their case with the exception of calling one more witness, the two sessions of the strike commission yesterday were consumed in hearing three witnesses for the men. They were John C. Haddock, an individual operator; Rev. Peter Roberts, who is assisting the miners, and President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor.

President Gompers testified as an expert on trade unions. He created a sensation when he strongly implied that the coal companies are responsible for bringing immigrants to the coal regions. When one of the lawyers for the coal companies asked him if he knew it from personal knowledge, he said he could prove it.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 18.—The anthracite coal operators yesterday opened their side of the controversy with the mine workers before the strike commission and the attorneys who are on record before the commission as representing the non-union men.

Five witnesses were produced who testified that strikers had killed one man and had seriously annoyed two other men who worked during the suspension.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 19.—The coal strike commission yesterday listened to further testimony tending to show that a reign of terror existed in the anthracite coal fields during the five and a half months of the mine workers' strike. About a score of witnesses were called during the two sessions by the attorney for the non-union men. They told of serious boycotts, brutal attacks by crowds of men, women and boys, and an attempt to burn the house of a non-union man.

Chairman Gray said the commission was not bound by any strict rules of evidence, but asked counsel to confine themselves in examining witnesses as far as possible to direct evidence. He said it was difficult, in trying to prove that boycotts exist, to get information on the subject. The commission, he said, wanted to know whether a reign of terror existed in the anthracite region and it could not get that information if the strict rules of evidence were applied.

"The coward who will go to the storekeepers," he said, "and tell them not to sell the necessaries of life to a poor woman, usually seeks the obscurity that the law of evidence throws around him. If a girl is discharged from her position in a store because she rode in a street car in inclement weather while a street car strike was on, the coward who discharged her is coward enough to refuse to testify." He recognized, he said, why some merchants will not come forward and tell who forced them to refuse to sell necessaries of life to certain boycotted persons, but if he (Chairman Gray) were a storekeeper, he thought he would risk his all in order to assist in breaking up the cowardly business.

John Doran, manager of the Wilkesbarre silk mills, testified that because he would not discharge two girls who had relatives working in the mines, the 1,100 employes went on strike and stayed out eight weeks until the matter was fixed up.

These witnesses and others that were called testified that their wives were insulted on the streets, their children were beaten by other children and could not be safely sent to school; that local unions requested storekeepers to refrain from selling goods to any one related to a man working in the mines; that their houses were stoned; that they were stoned, shot at and hung in effigy and that life was generally made miserable for them and their families.

President Baer's Statement.

New York, Dec. 17.—President Baer, of the Reading railroad, made a statement yesterday deprecating the course pursued by the independent coal operators, who it is alleged have forced the price for their coal up to $11.50 a ton to dealers, equal to $14 to the consumer. "Unfortunately there seems to be no way to compel them to sell down to the level fixed by the railroads," said Mr. Baer. "If their sense of obligation to the people cannot deter them from asking prohibitive prices, nothing the public or the railroads can do would be effective."

SOLD TO THE TRUST.

The Union and Sharon Steel Plants Are Absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation—The Deal Involves Many Millions.

Chicago, Dec. 17.—Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, announced yesterday the purchase of the Union and Sharon plants of the Union Steel Co. near Pittsburg, the transaction involving a bond issue of $45,000,000.

Judge Gary gave out the following statement concerning the transaction:

"The finance and executive committees of the United States Steel Corporation, accompanied by the presidents and other prominent officers of the subsidiary companies of the steel corporation, recently made an inspection of the Union and Sharon steel plants now controlled by the Union Steel Co., and as a result the finance committee has purchased the same for the steel corporation on the following terms:

"These plants are located near Pittsburg on the Monongahela river, and at Sharon, Pa., respectively; they were started some time before the formation of the United States Steel Corporation and not in opposition to it. These properties have rod, wire, nail and other works in operation as going properties; when fully completed they will have five modern blast furnaces and 25 open hearth furnaces, with capacity to manufacture 7,500 kegs of nails daily; new and modern tube mills, bar mills, tin mills, sheet mills, plate mills, etc.; they have about 5,000 acres of coking coal in the Connellsville region, besides terminal railroads in the coke region; 6,200 acres of fuel coal on the Monongahela river, limestone properties and valuable developed ore mines in the Mesaba and Marquette regions containing about 40,000,000 tons of ore, two lake steamers and steel railroad cars.

"The steel corporation pays the exact cost of the manufacturing plants, to be determined by auditors appointed for the purpose. For the real estate, ore properties and the coal lands they will pay something more than the cost value, but not to exceed the present value. The stockholders of the Union and Sharon plants agree to furnish about $10,000,000 new cash to be expended in the completion of improvements and further development of the properties in such manner as the steel corporation may determine."

LEAPED INTO A DITCH.

An Erie Passenger Train Is Wrecked—Two Men Killed and Several Badly Injured.

Cleveland, Dec. 17.—Two men were killed, four badly hurt and a score or more slightly injured because a train on the Erie railroad ran away and was ditched at the Union street crossing Tuesday afternoon.

The New York and Pittsburg limited got away from the control of the engineer several miles outside the city and came tearing down the track at terrific speed.

At Miles avenue it struck Anthony Madden, a wire drawer. The train cut him in two, and despite all the efforts of the engineer to stop, it continued on its wild career to destruction. The grade all the way into the city is a dangerous one. The C. & P. tracks cross the Erie's at Union street where the wreck happened. As the train rounded the curve, Engineer Warren H. Goss saw a C. & P. train directly across his way. He had the air on, but the terrific momentum carried him on with frightful speed. He saw a wreck was inevitable, and with a shout to his fireman to jump, he sprung from the train, receiving injuries in the fall which caused his death last night.

The next instant, his train hit the derailing switch, set for just such an emergency and the engine seemed to leap from the rails, head-first into the deep ditch, parallel with the tracks, plowing up a great hole in the bank.

The train was made up of engine, baggage car, smoking car, and day coach and was the first section of the limited. Every coach followed the engine from the track.

There were 50 passengers on the train and the first warning they had was when the crash came and their cars began to turn over.

A Lunatic's Crime.

Lapeer, Mich., Dec. 17.—John Best, aged 28, single, a man of disordered mind, during Monday night arose from his bed and ran amuck through the house, cutting Jasper Clegg's head nearly off with a razor, dangerously wounding his own mother, wounded his sister and finished by shooting himself to death. Clegg, who was 60 years of age, boarded at the Best home. Best was committed to the insane asylum about a year ago, but six months later was discharged as cured.

Must Pay a Special Tax.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Commissioner Yerkes, of the internal revenue bureau, has rendered a decision in which he rules that druggists and others who sell soda water drinks, claret soda, or similar beverages to which distilled spirits or any compounds thereof are added in any quantity, however small, are required to pay a special tax for retail liquor dealers, under the internal revenue laws.

Passenger Train Wrecked.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 17.—A southbound passenger train from Cincinnati to New Orleans on the Alabama & Great Southern railroad was wrecked 70 miles south of Birmingham yesterday, a rail having been removed near a trestle which spans a small creek. The locomotive left the track and toppled into the creek. The mail, baggage and express cars and two coaches followed. Express Messenger Colson was killed. Mail Clerks Kelly and Riggs, and Fireman Durr were severely hurt. The few passengers [illegible]

THEY LACK ELASTICITY.

Comptroller of the Currency Says National Banks Should be Allowed to Issue Circulation in Excess of Value of Bonds Deposited.

New York, Dec. 19.—William B. Ridgely, comptroller of the currency; President Wilson, of Princeton university; Rev. Robert S. MacArthur; Maj. Gen. Chaffee and John S. Wise were the principal speakers at the annual banquet of the New York State Bankers' association, given at the Waldorf-Astoria, last night. Five hundred members and guests of the association were present. Comptroller Ridgely spoke on "Elasticity in the Currency," saying in part:

"The one great objection that can fairly be made to the national banking system is the lack of elasticity in the currency which is issued.

"Any satisfactory solution of our present currency problems should include some plan for the retirement of the legal tenders. I believe the bank note circulation can be greatly improved by a few quiet, conservative changes which will add to its elasticity, or rather introduce some elasticity where there is now practically none.

"I think the best plan which has been suggested for modifying our bank currency is to allow the banks to issue more than the par value of the bonds deposited. The first consideration should be to make these notes absolutely secure to the holder. The government can safely guarantee or insure the notes if protected by the bonds held for a part of their value, and in addition by a guarantee fund to be raised by a tax levied on the bank circulation."

DEWEY'S SHIPS.

A Big Squadron Will be Within Easy Reach of Venezuela's Coast.

Washington, Dec. 19.—According to the approved plans the principal fighting ships of Admiral Dewey's fleet will rendezvous next week at the island of Trinidad, right off the coast of Venezuela and at St. Thomas near Porto Rico. Rear Admiral Higginson commanding the North Atlantic squadron, will have command of the battleship fleet at Trinidad in his flagship Kearsarge, with Rear Admiral Sumner, commanding the South Atlantic squadron on his flagship Iowa, as second in command.

The fleet at St. Thomas, which includes two battleships, will be under command of Rear Admiral Crowninshield, commanding the European squadron, on his flagship Illinois. The fleet of cruisers and smaller vessels, which will anchor at St. Kitts, will be in command of Rear Admiral Coghlan, commanding the Caribbean division, on his flagship Olympia. Although not so stated, Admiral Dewey will retain the converted cruiser Mayflower as his flagship and will spend most of the ten days' holiday at San Juan. He is now at Culebra with the bulk of his immense fleet.

AN IMMENSE DITCH.

Will be Constructed in Order to Reclaim Thousands of Acres of Indiana Marsh Lands.

Crown Point, Ind., Dec. 19.—Preliminary steps are under way in the northwestern counties of Indiana, including Laporte, Starke, Porter, Lake and Jasper, to construct what probably will be the largest artificial waterway of its kind east of the Mississippi river. When completed it will reclaim hundreds of thousands of acres of Kankakee marsh lands now regarded as worthless.

A contract has been let for the first 14 miles in Laporte and Starke counties for $120,000. The ditch will be 80 feet wide and 16 feet deep. It is the plan of the other counties to continue the ditch to the Illinois state line, a distance of 60 miles. The cost will be about $1,000,000.

The project has been taken up by the owners of large farms along the Kankakee. The payment is to be made by assessments on benefits derived from the ditch.

A Strange Story.

Marion, Ind., Dec. 19.—John De Camps, 80 years old, who mysteriously disappeared from his home near Greenville, O., a year ago, has been found at Somerset, a village near here. De Camps and an elder brother owned an estate valued at $100,000. The older brother died and the next day a sister filed a suit in partition. Another part of the family also tried to get possession of the estate and in the litigation De Camps, it is said, was kidnapped by one faction and brought to the home of his niece, Mrs. Rogers, at Somerset. The Greenville court has been notified and an effort will be made to take De Camps back home and restore his property to him.

A "Saint" Sues for a Divorce.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 19.—"Santa Teresa," the young woman believed by the Yaqui Indians and many Mexicans to possess divine powers, has sued her Indian husband, G. N. Rodriguez, in the local courts for divorce. It is alleged that the marriage was forced upon the girl at the point of a revolver by her impetuous admirer, at Clifton, Ariz., June 22, 1900.

Gen. Swayne Dies.

New York, Dec. 19.—Gen. Wager Swayne died yesterday afternoon at his residence here, of a complication of diseases. His widow, two sons and a daughter were at the deathbed.

Boers to Come to America.

Denver, Col., Dec. 19.—Nearly 9,000 Boers, it is said, are preparing to "trek" to America and will settle in Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. The representative of this movement is Gen. Samuel Pearson, late quartermaster general of the late South African republic, whose headquarters are in New York. Colorado friends of the Boers have been in communication with Gen. Pearson in regard to suitable lands for the settlers, and Gen. De Villiers, who is now looking over the lands, has expressed himself as very favorably impressed with this state.

MINISTER BOWEN.

He Is Venezuela's Only Representative.

Castro Gives Him Full Power to Act—Allies Notify Venezuelans That They Are About to Blockade Six of Their Ports.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The following cablegram was sent Wednesday by the navy department to Admiral Dewey, in command of the combined fleets:

"Send competent officer in torpedo boat destroyer or other vessel to Caracas as assistant to American minister."

The following cablegram also was sent to Commander Diehl, of the Marietta, now lying at La Guaira:

"Send Van Duzen (executive officer of the Marietta) as assistant to the American minister temporarily."

It was stated at the navy department that one reason for sending the officers to Caracas was the fact that Mr. Bowen is almost overwhelmed with the work imposed upon him by his many charges. He has nearly all of the English residents in Caracas domiciled in the American legation and is feeding them from his own table. As for the torpedo boat destroyer, it is pointed out that it will serve as a dispatch boat to keep Mr. Bowen in touch with the cable station nearest to La Guaira, which can be relied upon to transmit messages to Washington, in case the La Guaira cable shall be cut as an incident to the blockade.

Caracas, Dec. 19.—Lopez Baralt, Venezuelan minister of foreign affairs, has transmitted to United States Minister Bowen a document signed by President Castro as president of the republic and countersigned by himself as minister of foreign affairs, in which Mr. Bowen is recognized as the only representative of Venezuela in the matter of effecting a settlement of the present difficulty.

According to the terms of this document, Mr. Bowen may act without restriction and he is to use all means possible to protect the interests of Venezuela. The state department at Washington has been notified of the transmission of this instrument to Mr. Bowen.

It has been learned from an official source that the allies will notify the Venezuelan authorities at La Guaira of the blockade, to become effective December 20 at 3 p. m., of the ports of La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Coro, Maracaibo, Carupano and Barcelona.

La Guaira Dec. 19.—The German cruiser Falke, which has been anchored for the past two days at the entrance of Lake Maracaibo, yesterday captured the Venezuelan schooner Victoria. After cutting down her mainmast, thus disabling her, the Germans abandoned her. This action has caused great indignation among the Venezuelans and excitement runs high at Maracaibo.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The state department has learned that a mere money payment will not meet Germany's desires. Count Quadt, the German charge, had a long interview yesterday with Secretary Hay touching Venezuela and the fact is now apparent that while money will satisfy Great Britain and Italy, Germany must have an apology. The difference between her case and that of the other powers is that the German legation at Caracas was attacked, its windows broken, the minister's sick wife terrorized and the German national honor otherwise touched in a manner that cannot be healed by money.

Touching the question of a guarantee of any obligations that may be assumed by Castro as a result of Mr. Bowen's good offices, it is suggested in official circles that, the United States being without power in the absence of legislation to assume directly any responsibility for the execution of Castro's pledges, it is still possible for the state department to give an assurance to any parties who might be induced to produce the money to pay the judgments against Castro that, when the time comes for repayment, the United States government will exercise its good offices to see that the obligations were kept. It is distinctly stated, however, that no pledge will be made on the part of the United States to forcibly collect any indebtedness of this kind.

Berlin, Dec. 19.—A fact which impresses the foreign observer here is the quiet indifference of the newspapers and people toward the Venezuelan affair. Not a Berlin newspaper has a leading article on the subject and the news published is largely an abstract of what the London and New York papers are saying. The Germans appear to be astonished at the commotion in Great Britain and the United States over what is regarded here as a mere episode. Spanish-American war.

London, Dec. 19.—The Brussels correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says that Germany is supporting the claims of Belgium against Venezuela, which amount to $1,250,000.

Lynched.

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 19.—A negro named Scott Bishop is reported to have been lynched yesterday near Marbury, Ala., 20 miles from Montgomery. Bishop, it is charged, murdered Wade Hicks, a white man.

Upheld Common Law Marriage.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 18.—The supreme court handed down a decision yesterday which upholds the workings of the common law marriage statutes of this state. The case was one wherein the husband declared his marriage void because it had been performed less than six months after his wife had secured a divorce from her former husband. The court declared such a marriage unlawful, but held that the common law marriage statute legalized the union, because the couple had lived together after the statutory period had elapsed.

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid is advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

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Business Cards, five lines or less $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO Law Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

☞No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen words.

☞Religious notices free.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

President Roosevelt has defined the Monroe Doctrine and stands to maintain it.

If Benjamin R. Tillman were large enough to see his own littleness he would make less noise.

The Nile Dam at Assouan is completed and the works are in operation.

The Senate committee on Public Lands will now turn its attention to a measure of relief for Alaska.

Deacon Bear is one of those "christian gentlmen" who so describe themselves.

Ninty per cent. of the office furniture sold in England is made in this country.

The trouble in Venezuela proves the comfort which can be afforded by a well equipped navy and reorganized army.

A co-operative telephone company in Michigan costs its subscribers 25 cents a month.

Every report from the Philippines serves to confirm the wisdom and justice of American rule in the islands.

Why do the miserable slayers of women not commit the inevitable suicide first?

It is many years since White House hospitality has been conducted on as large a scale as it is this year.

Spiders in the stables are the horses best friends, they kill off the flies, gnats and mosquitoes.

Apparently no amount of demonstration will ever prove to some democrats that the protection policy has come to stay.

Cogs of paper are now inserted in the wheels of high speed machines. They are noiseless and very durable.

With Theodore Roosevelt in the White House the people need fear of no unrebuked violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

The old proverb, "It takes a thief to catch a thief," may explain the phenominal wealth of some of the New York Policemen.

The negotiation of a reciprocity treaty with Cuba robs the democrats of another choice argument they loved to dwell on.

Senator Lodge does not hesitate to place the opposition to the educational clause in the Immigration bill where it belongs.

Even the appropriation for the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission could not get through the Senate without democratic objection.

The sincerity with which Senator Procter is carrying on the work of the Mililary Affairs Committee makes the absence of Senator Hawley less unfortunate.

Those representatives who clamor loudest about republican extravagance are the loudest shouters when their own towns want a new post office.

A Pacific cable, under the sole control of the United States, promises to constitute another monument to President Roosevelt's first term.

SHAW'S PURE MALT.—Its value in sickness has been tried and proved. In the home it is not safe to be without it. Absolutely pure.

Sold By

36-47-ly F. X. BLUMLE.

Hon. Bois Penrose.

It would be a misfortune indeed to the shipping interests of the United States if there should be any wavering upon the part of the legislation of the State of Pennsylvania in the return to the United States Senate of Hon. Boies Penrose.

Senator Penrose has proven himself a pronounced friend of all the leading maritime interests of the nation, and his vote has always been found upon the side that aims to build us and firmly establish the merchant marine of the country. Particularly has he been strenuous and advanced upon the question of the improvement and modernization of rivers and harbors, not alone especially along the Eastern coast, but along the Gulf and Pacific coasts. He is one of the broad-gauged men who can be relied upon at all times and in every emergency to do that which the maritime interests of the country demand. He has made a study of the Skipper, the sailor, the river and the harbor, and there is not a statesman in the United State Senate to-day who is so well versed in the knotty problems that from time presents themselves for solution. We note there is some talk of his being the candidate for the mayoralty of the city of Philadelphia. It is sincerely to be hoped that Senator Penrose will not accept such nomination. He is wanted now in Senate of United States, and he cannot be spared. There are burning questions to come up shortly in that body most materially affecting the maritime interests, and the time calls for brave men with stout, manly hearts to meet these questions. Pennsylvania must send back to the Senate the Hon. Boies Penrose. It would not be advisable to make a local office-holder of a man built upon the lines of this Senator. Pennsylvania in more than one generation has not had so strong a man to care for her interests in Washington as she has in him, and it would be a misfortune to the entire nation to substitute an untried man in his position. We know where he stands and where he has always stood upon great national questions, and we also know that he is as true as the needle to the pole in matters of vast public import. Let Senator Boies Penrose, the friend of maritime interests, remain where he is. Business exigency demand it in this case most particularly.—The Maritime News.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Stomach Trubles, and makes rich red blood, health and strength, Kodol rebuilds wornout tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinson, of W. Va., says: I have used a number of bottles of Kodol and have fonnd it to be a very effective and, indeed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments, I recommend it to my friends. R. C. Dodson.

At last Galusha A. Grow retire to private life at the ripe old age of four score, full of honors and the respect of the people at large. He began his political life fifty years ago in most strenuous times, and bore the full burden of the day therein. He is the author of the Homestead act and so has lived to see his land grow into a mighty Union and the west an empire of happy, prosperous homes. He has lived through momentous history and helped make much of it, and now in honored old age he can look back upon his work and smile in supreme contentment at the goodly outcome of his labor.—Lancaster Examiner.

DR. FENNER'S
KIDNEY and
Backache
CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"Eight months in bed, heavy backache, pain and soreness across kidneys, also rheumatism. Other remedies failed, Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure cured me completely. H. WATERS, Hamlet, N. Y."

Druggists, 50c., $1. Ask for Cook Book—Free.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Circular. Dr Fenner, Fredonia N.Y

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS

The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, and the air was full of whirling flakes, which were rapidly covering the brown earth with a carpet of white and obliterating the trail up the mountain side where trudged, or, rather, stumbled, along a grotesque childish figure in a man's rough jacket, the sleeves rolled over and over to let out the small brown hands, while the edge of the coat, on a line with her heels, left a trail in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head, dark curls peeping out around her face, and in the fearless, wistful eyes shone a new light, for Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus. When her mother had gone to heaven a short time before, they had carried her up the mountain, and God and Santa Claus were always associated together in the child's mind. So, if God lived up there, Santa Claus could not be far away. Thus reasoned little Dorothy in the hours when her father was off working in the mine and she was left alone with her rag doll in the little brown hut which served as shelter and home.

Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus.

"Santa Claus may not come here now mother has gone," the little girl said, "and it must be near Christmas, so I will find him, and perhaps he will take me in his reindeer sleigh to see mother and God."

Little Dorothy paused in her task of sweeping the one room of their home, and, putting some potatoes in the ashes to bake, that her father's supper might be ready for him, she had wrapped herself in his old coat, donned her red hood and started out to find Santa Claus.

It chanced that day that one of the mine owners was down from the city on a tour of inspection, and, having seen Dorothy on a previous trip, he had, remembering another little girl who was very happy on Christmas eve, brought down a Christmas box for Dorothy and so strolled along with her father as he started homeward, that he might give it into the hands of the little maiden herself. But when they reached the brown hut Dorothy was not there, and when repeated calls brought no answer the two men, alarmed, started in opposite directions to seek her, Mr. Golden following the almost obliterated path up the mountain side, where, a mile beyond, he found the little one almost buried in the falling snow, and as he stooped to lift her in his arms she murmured drowsily, seeing the kind face bending over her:

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus."

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want"—

When she opened her wistful, dark eyes again, the same kind face was bending over her as she lay on her cot in the little brown house, her father holding her in his arms, while beside her was the most beautiful doll of which she had ever dreamed, and, clasping it close to her heart, little Dorothy asked with reverent joy, the dark eyes filled to overflowing:

"Dear Mr. Santa Claus, is you God too?"

CALLIE BONNEY MARBLE.

The Geisha.

"Geisha," the professional girl entertainer of Japan, is by no means to be confounded with "geinin," says Japan and America. The word geisha really means actor, "gei" meaning a play or entertainment of any sort, and "sha" means a person. For instance, i-sha means physician, and so on. The word really means what "actor" does in English, but it has come to mean only those girls in Japan who are trained to entertain by dancing and singing to the shamisen and koto, the usual musical instruments for light entertainments, and they also are trained to converse agreeably on topics of the day. "Geinin," on the other hand, while it really means the same thing as geisha, has now come to be applied to artists, in a higher sense.

The Merry Wag.

Butkins—I don't know that you ever met my wife?

Wisbin—Can't say that I ever met her, but I have seen her many times. By the way, saw her kissing a man on your back stoop t'other evening.

Butkins—Saw my wife kissing a man? What do you mean by such a story as that?

Wisbin—Just what I say, that's all.

Butkins—You actually mean it? If I only knew who the rascal was, I'd—

Wisbin—Don't get excited. It was you, of course. Supposed you'd know that at once.—Boston Transcript.

What He Sold.

One of the witnesses in a case in a Dublin court was asked, "Did you sell Major Studdert a horse?" "No, sor." "Did your father sell Major Studdert a horse?" "No, sor." "Did your grandfather sell him a horse?" "No, sor." "Well, then, did any member of your family sell Major Studdert anything?" "Yes, sor." "Who did, then?" "I did, sor." "And what did you sell Major Studdert?" "I sold him a mare, sor." The counsel sat down, and the court roared.

DAY'S,
THE SATISFACTORY STORE.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Our store will be open Christmas morning until ten o'clock.

Christmas is about here. Our wish is that it may be a Merry one to all. It has been the endeavor of this store to help to make it so, by furnishing desirable goods and service, at moderate prices. If we have been successful we shall feel well repaid. There is yet time to make Christmas purchases and we still have many desirable articles for Christmas gifts, as well as material to make your Christmas dinner a pleasure.

We are offering some REAL BARGAINS to close out some lines and reduce stock on others. Come in and look them over and see if you do not agree with us.

JARDINIERES.

Is there anything quite so indicative of good taste as a Jardiniere. There isn't a home that they should not adorn. They have been expensive but we've reduced the prices so that you need not be without one on that account.

15c	Jardinieres reduced to		10c
25c	"	"	20c
35c	"	"	25c
75c to 90c	"	"	50c
$1 to $1.25	"	"	75c
$1.50 to $1.75	"	"	$100

These prices good for this week.

Grocery Specials.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

Gold Dust Washing Powder, four pound package, 20c.
Liquid Bluing, large bottle, 8c.
Laundry Starch, bulk per pound 5c.
Fairbanks Mascot Soap, per cake, 3c.
Corn Starch, absolutely pure, perpou nd 7c.
Cleaned Currants in one pound cartons, each 9c.
Baker's Chocolate, the geuuine one half pound cake, 18c.
Best Granulated Sugar, 25lb bag, $1.40.
Boneless Bacon, whole strips, lb. 17c.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Pratts Food.

Is a straight forward, honest Food of merit, and will perform all it claims. That is why it has so many imitators.

A sure egg producer, fattener and regulator. You get the genuine here.

PRATTS REGISTERED FOOD TRADE MARK

Fresh from Niagara Bakery Company.

Nabisco Wafers, Champaigne Wafers, Cheese Sandwiches,
Graham Crackers, Ginger Snaps, Reception Flakes,
Saltine Wafers, Butter Crackea, Uneeda Biscuit,
Zu Zus, Snow Drops, Sugar Jumbles,
Iced Tea Cakes.

Phone 6.

J. H. DAY.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 23, 1902.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 15
Felt's Fancy, "	1 30
Pet Grove, "	1 30
Graham, "	60
Rye "	60
Buckwheat, "	75
Patent Meal, "	50
Coarse Meal, per 100,	1 35
Chop Feed, "	1 35
Middlings, Fancy "	1 35
Bran,	1 15
Corn, per bushel,	75
White Oats, per bushel,	48
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed, Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass.	At Market Prices.

R. C. DODSON,
—THE—
Druggist,
EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE.
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

R. C. DODSON.

Telephone, 19-2.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

Jos. Kaye returned to Wisconsin on Monday morning.

Misses Grace, Eva and Iva Leet are home for the Holidays.

Miss Grace Walker came home from Ithaca, N. Y., last Thursday.

Little Miss Dorothy Howard entertained a large number of little folks on Monday.

Geo. W. Tanner, of Mason Hill, was in town on Monday interviewing Santa Claus.

William Hess left Tuesday for Williamsport where he expects to spend the winter.

George Howard is home from school to spend the Holidays with his mother and other relatives.

Don M. Larrabee came up from Philadelphia on Tuesday to spend a few days with his parents.

Mrs. Ness accompanied by her granddaughter Vera is visiting her son and family at Bellevue, Pa.

Mrs. E. C. Davison and daughter Miss Mary, have returned from visiting relatives at Chambersburg.

Mrs. R. P. Bingeman and son Howard left for Galeton where they will spend Christmas with Mr. Bingeman.

Miss Della Bingeman left last Friday for Sunbury, Shamokin and other eastern parts of the State, where she will spend the holidays.

A number of our citizens attended the opening of St. Mary's new opera house, Monday evening. It is said to have cost $35,000.

Mrs. J. B. Shriever and daughter, arrived in Emporium last Saturday from Scranton to visit with relatives until after Christmas.

W. G. Lewis, of Coudersport, one of Potter county's most prominent gentlemen as well as able attorneys stopped in Emporium Monday evening, while en route for the east.

Mrs. Thompson, *nee* Mary Spencer, of New York, was guest of Mrs. Laura Bryan and daughter last week, returning to her home on Saturday, after visiting her mother at Erie.

A. L. Barr, of Gibson township, was in Emporium on Thursday last and called at the PRESS office. He is one of the Gibson voters who does not carry the brand of a dollar mark.

H. W. Williams, a carpenter and builder of Emporium, is moving his family into the new house of Michael Rindos in Hyde's Addition. He says Ridgway is a hustling town and believes it will yet become a city.—Ridgway Democrat.

Lumberman H. C. Crawford late of Sizerville, was among Port Allegany friends, Wednesday afternoon. Crawford is very popular here for the reason that his earlier lumber operations were conducted in this vicinity.....J. M. Butler, wife and son drove to Emporium Sunday and spent the day with relatives. Mrs. Butler and the boy went to St. Marys Monday for a visit with her parents and Joe drove home alone.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Mrs. Theo. Newton and Mrs. S D. McDonald have returned from visiting at Buffalo.

Former Emporiumites are arriving in town and many are the pleasant greetings.

Ex. Sheriff J. W. Kriner left last evening to spend his Christmas at his old home in Lancaster county.

A New Device.

Uncle Sam's rural delivery has brought out many peculiar things.

At one point on a cross road in Indiana a number of farmers, in order to make it convenient to themselves as well as thd mail carrier, have rigged up a novel contrivance. Here sixteen farmers are served and all have their mail boxes mounted on an old wagon wSeel which has been set on top of a post. The sixteen boxes are around the rim of the wheel, and when the carrier comes he simply has to give the wheel a turn to reach the boxes. It is a minature postoffice out of doors.

The Halls, of Elk.

Hon. Henry Hall, Washington correspondent of Pittsburg Times, says: "J. K. P. Hall, of Elk county, who resigned his seat in Congress last Monday in order to become a member of the State Senate of Pennsylvania on the first Tuesday of next January, enjoys the somewhat unique distinction of being the fourth member of one family elected to represent the Thirty-eight Senatorial district at Harrisburg since its was created by the apportionment act of 1874. Three of there were brothers—John G. Hall, Harry Alvan Hall, and J. K. P. Hall—and the fourth was W. H. Hyde, their brother-in-law. John G. Hall, who died while abroad in 1889, was elected in 1878 and served eight years, being re-elected in 1882. Harry Alvan Hall was chosen in 1896, and resigned in 1893 to accept the appointment of United States district attorney for the Western district of Pennsylvania under President Cleveland. He was succeeded by W. H. Hyde, a brother-in-law, since deceased, who was elected to the short term in 1893, and for the full term in 1894. Now J. K. P. Hall resigns from Congress on being chosen for the four-year term, beginning with the approaching meeting of the Legislature. Should he serve until 1906, the Hall family will have represented the Thirty-eight district 20 years out of the 32 which it will then have been in existence."

In a Thanksgiving speech at Philadelphia, Senator Penrose said that the recent Republican majority had taught him the wisdom of silence. He called attention to the fact that Governor-elect Pennypacker, who spoke all over the State, received fewer votes than W. M. Brown, who spoke in only part of the State, and that Issac B. Brown, who did not make a speech, received a larger vote than either.

Carnegie and Frick want to outdo each other in the giving business in Pittsburg, and the city will undoubtedly profit greatly thereby. Carnegie is coming over to try and hold up his end.

Doctor: "Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure that the pills I left you would cure you. How did you take them—in water or in cake?" Small invalid: "Oh I used them in my pop gun."

Congressman Hepburn has been studing the trust situation and now comes forward with a suggestion for the regulation of trusts based upon a prohibitive tax upon over capitalization. His idea is to have the internal revenue officers fix the value of corporation stock as they do liquor and cigars and levy a tax upon all stock not supported by poverty.

Here is an interesting state of affairs existing between handwriting experts. It seems that Daniel F. Ames of California and W. S. Kinsley of New York had formed a handwriting trust. They divided the country into two parts, Kinsley taking all that section east of Chicago, and Ames that to the west, with the provisco that if either were called into the other's territory the fees were to be equally divided. Ames was called in the second Molineaux trial and served 21 days at $50 a day. Kinsley now claims that Ames refuses to divide the fee of $1,050 and asks that payment be stopped until the western man comes to time. Handwiting testimony has been so much exposed in recent trials, that intelligent jurymen will refuse to consider it at all hereafter.

It will be good news to the mothers of small children to learn that croup can be prevented. The first sign of croup is hoarseness. A day or two before the attack the child becomes hoarse. This is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the rough cough appears, and it will dispel all symptoms of croup. In this way all danger and anxiety may be avoided. This remedy is used by many thousands of mothers and has never been known to fail. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be ddpendep upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by L. Taggart.

A glass or two of water half an hour before breakfast will usually keep the bowels regular. Harsh cathartics should be avoided. When a purgative is needed, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are mild and gentle in their action. For sale by L. Taggart.

Are We Men or Monkeys?—A Fable.

ONE TRIBE DWELT WHERE THE RICHEST NUTS GREW, WHILE THE OTHER PRAWLED AMONG THE SHRUBBERY, EATING WHAT THEY COULD GET.

Once upon a time, in the far oriental country where monkeys dwell, a certain tribe of monkeys sequested themselves in an isolated forest that abounded with fruit producing trees and all the vegetable products dear to monkey stomachs, and set up what they declared was an ideal government. They proposed to run things by popular vote instead of having a monkey leader or chief to which obedience and homage had to be paid, as was the custom in most monkey tribes. They held a great pow-wow and elected leaders who were to hold office as long as their fellow monkeys desired them to, and immediately they all fell to feast upon the good things, grew fat and enjoyed themselves. Certain shrewd members of the band discovered that here and there throughout the forest grew certain tall cocoa palms which bore quantities of fruit which required very little exertion to get, and they set about devising methods of securing these fruitful trees to themselves. They took up their abode in them and held possession against their fellows, who grumbled a little and then went seeking meals where there was less promise and less luscious rewards.

After many years the monkeys in this forest became divided into two classes; the one that dwelt in the tall trees where the richest nuts grew, and selfishly kept all to themselves, and the other which prowled among the shrubbery, eating berries and such small fruits and vegetables as they could find.

The monkeys of the latter group, leading such a hardy, strenuous life, developed strength, endurance and powers of body quite beyond what in time came to be the lot of the representatives of the upper group. There everything was so easy to obtain, food was so abundant and so close at hand that the dwellers in the high trees came to the conclusion that they were of somewhat different constitution to their fellows. They spent their days in idleness and pleasure, and so much did they incline after these pursuits that eventually even plucking the fruit that grew about them was too much of a task and they had it done for them by their less fortunate fellows, allowing them for the services to eat some of the small, ill-developed kernels.

As years went on it began to be a matter of belief among those upper monkeys that the care of their baby monkeys was too much for them; that larger and better representatives of their kind might be reared if the mothers were assisted in supplying them nutriment by having a tax levied on the mother's milk of the monkeys that dwelt in the shrubbery, and forthwith they caused a convention of the tribe to be called, where there was much speech-making, and where it was set forth that:

Whereas, certain monkeys dwelt in tall trees by right of possession, and were entitled to environment and benefits different from the general run of monkeys, and

Whereas, it had been discovered that among the aforesaid monkeys the infants did not receive any more, or as much, mother's milk as did the infant progeny of the less-favored monkeys, and

Whereas, as the sense of the monkeys in convention assembled was that the development of a strong and hardy class of High-Tree dwellers was necessary, and that "patriotism" (a word they coined for the occasion) impelled all members of the tribe to aid in securing this much-to-be-desired condition, it was

Resolved, that until the infants of the High-Tree monkeys should develop the strength and endurance necessary to help themselves to the fruits about them all the mothers of the little monkeys that dwelt nearer the earth should contribute a tithe of their mother's milk towards the keep of the aristocrats of the big trees.

Which resolution was adopted with much jabbering notwithstanding the fact that some mothers insisted that it was not like a monkey republic to establish such a rule as would force one mother to give part of her suck to another mother's babe simply that that babe might grow faster and stronger.

So it became a custom with these monkeys for the mothers below to supply part of their milk to the off spring of the mothers above. And the little monkeys in the trees thrived and waxed fat, while the little monkeys lower down were thin and poorly nurtured.

And when the monkeys so fed and protected grew to maturity they were much stronger and fatter than their predecessors had been, and a wise old monkey, who lived in a grove of cocoa palms by himself, declared that it would be a grave error to stop the supply of rich food that had been coming to them from their fellows, so another convention was called, wherein it was shown, by divers monkeys with extended vocabularies, that the monkeys in the trees were very important members of the community; that their existence was essential to the welfare of the republic, and they called up the magic word "patriotism" again, and amended the former resolution to stand that each monkey that belonged to the class that foraged so hardly for food among the scrubs and on the ground should contribute a tithe of what he should accumulate towards the maintenance of the monkeys of the palm trees, and this was carried, too, although the hardship caused much grumbling.

Thereupon the conditions of the monkey republic became sorely trying. It was noticed that the protected monkeys grew exceedingly fat and sleek, and their strength was proverbial throughout the length and breadth of the country; while the poor little monkeys who had to forage so hardly grew thiner and weaker. But they were rewarded by the praise showered upon them from above by those their labors fed, who called them patriots and loyal citizens of the monkey republic. This did not produce strength nor stop hunger's gnawing, but some of them declared that they felt all right because of a sense of duty.

And monkeys in neighboring forests, who had kings and rulers whom they served faithfully, and to whom alone they were expected to render services or to surrender what they might gather from the forest, laughed long and loud at their republican neighbors when by chance they met them, and derided their lean, hungry, mangy bodies, and jibed them with caustic words, applying to them such epithets as "imbeciles, fools, asses, jackals"—in fact, they called them anything but monkeys, which they declared their stupidity had proved them not to be.

Moral—If we knew a tribe of monkeys whose laws and customs fostered such a condition of affairs as is set forth in the foregoing tale we would unhesitatingly agree with their brethren who denounced them as fools and asses.—J. Redding, "In Cry for Justice."

Double-Dyed Knavery.

"Skim-milk masquerades as cream,
Things are seldom what they seem."

The poet might have added that olive oil is expressed from the seed of the cotton plant, and then when smeared on small herrings the joint product becomes sardines; that the orange marmalade of commerce comes from the humble turnip; that the cherry which adorns your cocktail grows on the hoof of the calf, and so on ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

Only not so much so as formerly. Most of the states have laws against adulteration which are vigorously enforced. The lactometer tests insure us reasonably pure milk. The tartness of vinegar is no longer a laboratory effect. Oleomargarine may be a wholesome product, but nowadays a paternal government sees that you know from which part of the cow your butter is derived.

But there are no laws against substitution and this is the age of substitution, the day of parasitism and piracy in business—and, it might be added, in politics. The statesman who promises his henchman a certain appointment, "or something equally as good,"—and usually gives him the latter—is a substitutor who plays the game of keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope as cunningly as the enterprising maker who imitates the name of a popular bicycle or the gentle scoundrel who palms off a cheap drug for a costly one. One half of the business world lives on the brains of the other half. The moss familiar motto of the advertiser has to be: "Beware of imitations." For the one man who has an idea and the courage and the capital to exploit it, there are nine men waiting to steal it from him. Even literature has its parasites. Let a novel or a play make a popular hit, and within a month a dozen publishers or managers have palpable imitations on the market.

This is the meanest phase of human nature. This substitutor is a double-dyed knave, for he steals not only the purse, but the good name of his victim. The just-as-good kind of merchandise is never so good as the original, for if it were, it could be sold on its merits. And the meanest kind of substitution is that which prevails in the drug trade. This is simply triffling with human life. Most of the prepriet ary remedies are of value in the treatment of the ailments which they are advertised to cure. They could not have succeeded without merit. Advertising can do much, but it cannot make the public buy a poor article more than once or twice. The substitutor being a thief at heart, and having already stolen the good name of the producer, sees no reason why he should keep faith with the consumer. He tells him that "this is just as good" as the advertised article, and then deliberately gives him some preparation which will not cure and may injure, because there is more money in the transaction for the heartless substitutor.

There should be laws in every state against substitution, and they should be enforced as rigidly as are the laws of patent right.—Buffalo Express.

Sizerville.

Miss Maud Evans visited in Emporium Saturday.

Mrs. F. H. Maher was in Olean Friday of last week.

We don't care to be shot at many times; please don't do it again.

A number of Gardeauites attended the entertainment Saturday night.

Mrs. Jos. Kinsler and children of Emporium, attended the entertainment Saturday night.

Mrs. D. B. Morton and daughter Grace left Monday for Buffalo where they will spend Christmas.

The Methodist people of this place are contemplating an entertainment in the future; proceeds are to be given to the pastor.

The Shippen and Sizerville schools held a christmas entertainment in the school house Saturday evening. It was a success and largely attended. Miss Mulliner and Miss Germond are to be thanked for the success of the entertainment.

PECKS BAD BOY.

A Million Voices.

Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. Kings New Discovery for consumption and writes—"it completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at L. Taggart's.

Notice of Meeting of Stockholders.

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R. Company, will be held at the Law Office of Green & Shaffer, Tuesday, January 27th, 1903, at one o'clock, p. m., for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

HENRY AUCHU, President,
J. W. KAYE, Sec'y,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 24th, 1902. 44-3t.

Caution Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the public that my wife PEARL having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby caution the public against harboring or trusting her on my account, for I shall pay no bills of her contracting.

WM HALDERMAN.
Emporium Pa., Dec. 11th, 1902. 43-3t,

THE EMPORIUM
Bottling Works
HENRY KRAFT, Prop.

Is prepared to make your Holiday season one of good cheer.

Finest Domestic Wines and Beers,

Embracing all the popular brands. Fine line of light wines, guaranteed absolutely pure.

Celebrated Erie Beer

ALWAYS READY.
Send your orders by letter or 'phone early.

44-1y.

RESCUE HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY,

Dance
—AND—
Supper,

AT OPERA HOUSE,
Wednesday Evening, December 31, 1902,
Music by SUTTONS ORCHESTRA, Olean, N. Y.
TICKETS, $1.00. SUPPER, 25C.
The Public is cordially invited to attend.

CHRISTMAS NEAR

Thos. Trotter

Has just received another lot of

Pictures.

Just the thing for

Christmas Presents.

Holiday Goods at

HARRY S. LLOYD'S.

THE STORY TELLER

THE LOST.

Down in the crowded, busy street
A little child was lost;
He ran with weary little feet
Where hurrying hundreds crossed;
From those who stopped he turned aside,
And, filled with sudden fear,
He wildly, pittifully cried
For one who did not hear.

His anxious father came at last
And clasped the weeping boy,
And many a one who hurried past
Concealed a tear of joy.
The father kissed the little face
With all the stains it bore,
And blissful trust was in the place
Where fear had been before.

I am but a child that's lost;
By dreadful doubts oppressed
I think of gulfs that must be crossed,
And fear is in my breast.
O, will my faith return to me,
Will He come back some day
To where I linger doubtingly,
And lead me on the way?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Certainly he proposed a remedy," said Hestor, rallying to the support of the editorial staff. "He demands the enforcement of the anti-trust law which, if put into operation, will result in the disintegration of criminal trusts."

"You talk like a political platform, Walter," replied Hammond. "You believe nothing of the kind. You are perfectly well aware that no effective anti-trust law will be affirmed by the courts. Every time a test is made, the various courts pronounce such laws unconstitutional. Twenty states have passed anti-trust enactments, and all have met the same fate. I do not believe it is possible by law to prevent any two men, 20 men or 100 men from consolidating their interests and thereby saving and increasing their profits. The trust is the inevitable result of revolutionary forces. It possesses certain advantages. These must be conserved. On the other hand, the trust of to-day possesses certain features which menace our very existence as a people. A remedy must be found; but it must be a natural remedy. You know my views on this subject, and I do not propose to abuse your hospitality by inflicting anew on you the details of my pet theory, which may or may not be worthy of consideration."

"If we could but devise some plan to bring about a national or international congress of such men," said Hestor, taking out his pencil and jotting down a list he had in mind. "I can imagine the headlines, 'College of Financial Giants,' 'Millionaires as Reformers,' 'Syndicates to the Rescue,' 'Trusts Tremble,' 'Wealth Willing to Compromise.' It would be great! If we could get some foreign financiers with titles to stand sponsor for the idea, our home product would be more likely to follow their lead. It is worth thinking about. I am going to cable Van Horne and suggest it to him."

"No, I do not think it possible to bring such a body of men into a conference," continued Hammond, as Hestor remained silent, with a far-away expression in his eyes. "In the first place they would not meet; in the second place, they would not talk. They are not willing even to defend their methods, to say nothing of taking the initiative towards reforming them. We must possess our souls in patience; do the best we can, and let the sequence of events work out its destiny. It is our good fortune that we can better afford to wait than most of those who think they have reason to complain. A millionaire lawyer with a good practice, and the millionaire correspondent and special envoy of a newspaper, should be able to withstand the onslaughts of trust magnates for a considerable period."

"I am going to form a trust," said Hestor suddenly.

"Yes?"

"You need not laugh. I am. I am going to form a newspaper trust."

"All right, Walter," rejoined Hammond, who was familiar with Hestor's moods. "It is too late for you to begin to-night. Let me know when you are ready to draw up the papers and I will render you my best services as your attorney. Thus far I have been more successful in organizing trusts than fighting them."

"I will need your services in a short time," said Hestor, with some excitement, which Hammond attributed to the wine. "I am not jesting. Of course this is confidential."

"Certainly. I am going to Chicago to-morrow, and will be back in about a week."

"Let me see you when you get back. I shall wish to talk with you."

"I will do so. Olive, by dear," said Hammond, addressing his sister, "it is time your aged brother was on his way home. I shall ask the permission of the ladies, and of our excellent host to depart, as I have a long journey ahead of me to-morrow—or more properly to-day—it now being past two o'clock."

"You and Walter are as ungallant as you can be," pouted Miss Le Roy, as Mr. Hestor gave the signal for the party to disperse. "Just because you have talked all you wish, we must all run along home like good little girls. I am going to give a supper party soon, and it will last until everybody has talked as much as they care to." And with this awful threat Miss Le Roy was captured by Mr. Hestor and led away to her carriage, nor did her smiling face show that her resentment was deep or lasting.

CHAPTER III.

MR. HECTOR PLANS A NEWSPAPER TRUST.

The morning after the supper Hestor appeared at the Record office at an early hour. He looked over his mail, and then wrote a note to Palmer J. Morton, the great financier and railroad magnate, requesting an early interview on a matter of some importance. This off his mind, Hestor made the rounds of the office. He chatted awhile with Mr. Chalmers and then drifted into the art department. He was in effervescent spirits, and seemed highly satisfied with all the world. Finally he returned to his room and proceeded to work off the exuberance of his animal spirits by performing a clog step to a lively tune, the words of which he sang with more regard for speed and exact time than for expression:

"There was an old geezer, and he had a wooden leg;
No tobacco could he borrow, no tobacco could he beg;
Another old geezer was as cunning as a fox,
And he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box."
(Spirited breakdown and repeat—)
"Yes, he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box."

As the versatile Mr. Hestor paused to contemplate with much satisfaction, the success which had been attained in this terpsichorean diversion Mr. Chalmers, the managing editor, entered the room.

"By the way, Chalmers," said Hestor, as he paced up and down the room, "why wouldn't it be a good scheme to let the women of New York assume entire charge of the Record for a week. Get some well-known society woman to act as editor-in-chief, and advertise for women writers of all kinds. Of course you will have to look after the mechanical and routine part of the paper, but let them collect and write all the stuff. Select young women to report the horse races, prize fights, the police news, the courts and to handle all departments of the paper. They could run just as much or as little foreign and out-of-town stuff as they pleased. They would write all of the editorials and draw all of the pictures. Great scheme—don't you think so?"

Mr. Chalmers said it would probably drive him into an insane asylum, but that it was nothing short of an inspiration. He agreed to outline a plan and to confer with some progressive women he had in mind.

While they were discussing this project, word was received from Mr. Palmer J. Morton that though very busy he would be pleased to see Mr. Hestor about four o'clock that afternoon. The financier was not unacquainted with the erratic correspondent of The Record, and while not in sympathy with the aims or methods of that paper was not inclined to incur hostility by refusing the request made by Hestor.

At four o'clock the Hestor automobile wheeled in front of a Broadway office building, and a few minutes later the famous correspondent was ushered into the magnate's private office. This apartment was severely plain.

Mr. Morton was a large, broad-shouldered man, with a close-cropped beard which must have once been black or dark brown. Shaggy grey eyebrows stood guard over eyes of steel blue-grey; eyes which looked you full in the face as if to bid you tell your innermost thoughts; and to tell them quickly. Enormous hands were knotted with muscles of which the foreman of a railroad section gang might be proud. A dark suit of blue; a scarf of the same color, without any pin; and a modest watch chain, were features of apparel which distinguished Mr. Morton from the well dressed attendants who ushered Hestor into this office.

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Hestor. Take a chair. You will find that one more comfortable. I trust you do not intend to interview me. You know my rule." Mr. Morton looked sternly at Hestor, who smiled and replied that he had long ago abandoned that enterprise as a vain pursuit.

"I have called on a matter of business," said Mr. Hestor, briskly, as he removed his gloves, and leaned slightly forward in his chair. "You are a busy man and I will attempt to state my proposition as concisely as possible. According to popular report and to general knowledge you have been kept the moving spirit in those great financial undertakings which have resulted in the reorganization of various industries. Your standing is such that your name is sufficient to guarantee the success of any undertaking of this character. Did it ever occur to you that there is one great industry which never yet has tested the benefits which come from a community of ownership? In other words, have you considered the possibilities of a newspaper trust?"

Mr. Hestor paused. The stern old millionaire did not answer for a moment, and seemed to be waiting for the editor to continue. Hestor was content to wait.

"I have thought of it, but I did not imagine the first suggestion would come from a representative of The Record," said Mr. Morton. Hestor was not the least abashed.

"I am not responsible for what appears in The Record, and you know enough about newspapers, and especially metropolitan papers, to understand the exigencies of politics," he said. "You will concede that our criticism of trusts has not seriously interfered with your plans. In any——"

"I do not concede that," interrupted Mr. Morton. "That, however, has nothing to do with your proposition. State your plan. I am willing to listen to it."

"There is no industry in the country offering so great an opportunity for trust management as that of the newspaper press," said Mr. Hestor, with earnestness. "It is true that we have the Associated Press service, which is a co-operative affair, but this, while an invulnerable adjunct, is really a small item in the total expense of a great paper. It simply does on a small scale what can and should be done on a large scale."

"You would have a syndicate of papers—one paper in each of the large cities," suggested Mr. Morton.

"I would have a syndicate which would own two papers in all cities having populations in excess of 100,000," replied Mr. Hestor.

"Yes, I see. One republican and one democratic paper in each city. Ah-um-m. That would be quite a

"I HAVE THOUGHT OF IT," SAID MR. MORTON.

plan," said Mr. Morton, drawing his hand slowly over his stubbled chin. "Both under one general management, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"Have you made any general estimates of the expense of such a plan, or prepared any synopsis of the way in which it could be executed?" asked Mr. Morton, with the first manifestation of real interest.

"I did not care to go to the trouble and expense of doing so until I had a conference with you," replied Hestor, who guarded himself against over-enthusiasm when he saw that he had made some progress. "It will require considerable capital, much work, and good judgment in the execution of the plans; and more than all, the most rigid secrecy must be maintained. You are the only man to whom this subject has been broached, and I need not ask you to regard this matter as strictly confidential in case you should decide to do nothing in the way of its advancement."

Mr. Morton nodded his head and growled a consent to this injunction, which he evidently regarded as unnecessary.

"I would start this syndicate in a chain of 30 cities, with two papers in each," continued Mr. Hestor, who rapidly noted a list. "Here are the cities I have in mind: New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Rochester, Buffalo, Atlanta, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul or Minneapolis, St. Louis, Omaha, Galveston, Kansas City, Denver, Helena, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles."

Mr. Hestor then entered into a detailed and comprehensive explanation of the proposed newspaper trust. He submitted figures showing that 60 papers could be purchased for less than $115,000,000, and proved that these papers were then earning $7,500,000 a year, or more than five per cent. on the required investment. Hestor proposed retrenchment in three important departments, viz.: the Sunday papers, the editorial staffs, and the abolition of the advertising agency. Instead of preparing 60 Sunday papers, the syndicate would print four, each of surpassing excellence. These four papers would give all syndicate papers in contiguous territory a distinct Sunday paper. Each of these four Sunday papers would have a marked specialty, and each would strongly appeal to a certain class of readers. One would make a specialty of amusements; another of literature; the third of fiction, and the fourth of science and art—but each would be a complete magazine. Hestor showed that four such Sunday magazines could afford to employ the highest literary and artistic genius of the world, and proved that no competition with them would be possible. The saving would amount to not less than $4,000,000 a year, in the single item of Sunday papers.

The editorial department would be conducted on a similar plan. Instead of 400 editorial writers—as at present—he would have a staff of 20; acknowledged authorities in their respective specialties. The editor-in-chief would keep in touch with the owners of the syndicate, who would thus be able to dictate the thought of the country in the leading republican and democratic papers.

"The reduced expenses of the editorial department will be about $700,000," said Mr. Hestor. "You can place your own estimate on the financial benefits your syndicate will receive from being able to inspire and regulate the thought of a nation."

Hestor then explained how millions could be saved by dealing direct with advertisers without the intervention of the advertising agency, which he characterized as the "most stupid survival of the middle-man system." He explained that the agency levied tribute on advertiser and newspaper, and that an enormous percentage was absorbed by a worthless parasite. Hestor said that a staff of ten men could do the work now performed by several thousand.

"The expense of securing advertising will be practically nothing," concluded Hestor; "the average rates will be doubled, and we will receive all of the enormous fund which now goes to the agencies. This will be of benefit to all concerned, except to the useless and decadent advertising middle-man. I would not dare place any estimate on the added revenues from this much-needed reform. It certainly will far exceed any other item of saving."

"You make out a strong case," said Mr. Morton, after an interval, in which both gentlemen said nothing. "This is too important a matter to decide off-hand. I should not care to go into it without consulting with some of my associates. What financial interests have you in mind in this connection?"

"I propose to leave that matter entirely in your hands," replied Mr. Hestor promptly. "I do not know that I am on unfriendly terms with any of the men who are reported to be your associates in similar organizations. I stand ready to invest $10,000,000, provided a company is financed for a total of $125,000,000 or $150,000,000. I have talked this matter over with Mr. Van Horne, and you can count on his co-operation."

"You have the proper confidence in your plans," said Mr. Morton. "I will discuss this project with some of my associates. If I find they deem it worthy of more careful examination, it might be well to arrange a conference and settle on some definite mode of procedure. Mind you, I am not holding out any promises. If these gentlemen evince a decided interest in the matter I will communicate with you. The secrecy of the plan will not leak out through the men I have in mind."

"When can I reasonably expect to hear from you?"

"Four of the gentlemen I have in mind meet here to-morrow afternoon at a director's meeting," said Mr. Morton, consulting a memorandum. "Later they dine with me at an uptown club. I will see what they think about it and send you word when I can see you. In the mean time it will be a good idea to reduce your plans to writing. If possible, make an estimate of the amount annually expended by your 60 papers for commissions paid to advertising agencies. Make your report as comprehensive as possible. I can give this no more time to-day. I have an engagement at five o'clock."

Mr. Morton arose, closed his desk, and shook hands with Mr. Hestor. That gentleman joined the crowd of clerks who had finished their day's work, descended the marble stairs and stepped into his automobile.

[To Be Continued.]

RUINED HIS REPUTATION.

How an African Fetish Man Ousted an English Doctor Who Had Supplanted Him.

A hunter and explorer who has sojourned for years among the African natives tells the following amusing story, says Cassell's Journal.

"One day an English doctor, a young fellow of roving disposition like myself, appeared in the native village, where he stayed as my guest for some months. His medical skill soon gained him a great reputation as a medicine man, and the native fetish man soon found his occupation gone and his own healing powers utterly discredited, for his patients all flocked to the white doctor.

"One day the fetish man was found in a trance, but everybody, myself and the white doctor included, believed him dead. The natives proceeded to bury him, when he suddenly came to himself and naturally vigorously resisted burial. But his frantic assertion that he was not dead was emphatically negatived by his would-be undertakers.

"'You dead, sure 'nuff!' they insisted. 'White doctor say so. White doctor know best. You know nothing.'

"And they would actually have buried the unfortunate wretch alive had not the white doctor got wind of the proceedings and come running up. Of course he at once indorsed the fetish man's frantic statement that the latter was alive, but by doing so he ruined his own reputation in the natives' eyes, for they thereafter looked upon him as a blunderer and an ignorant imposter, while the fetish man was raised to high honor as a mighty magician who could die and come alive again whenever he pleased."

A Schoolboy's Logic.

Indifferent correspondents will sympathize with the lad, who, after he had been at a boarding-school for a week without writing to his parents, penned the followng letter: "Dear people—I am afraid I shall not be able to write often to you, because you see when anything is happening I haven't time to write, and when nothing is happening there's nothing to write about. So now, gooy-by, from your Georgie."—Liverpool Post.

Proof Positive.

Little Mabel—Ethel must think you're lots better than any of her other beaux.

Mr. Spoonaway (gratified and blushing)—Why, dear?

Little Mabel—Because she let me stay in the room when you call, and she don't when the others call.—Stray Stories.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION.

In effect May 25, 1902.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—Daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 A. M., New York 7.13 A. M. Baltimore, 2:30 A. M. Washington, 4:05 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

0 25 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7.22 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.33 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore 7.15 A. M., Washington 8.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 A. M. (Emporium Junction), daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:33 Sundays); Baltimore, 7:15 a. m.; Washington, 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	9 00	4 00	....Renovo....	.....	5 00	11 45
.....	9 50	4 38	...Driftwood...	.....	4 00	11 05
.....	10 25	5 10	Emporium Junc	.....	3 23	10 30
.....	11 13	5 53	...St. Marys...	.....	2 41	9 45
3 25	11 15	6 00	.....Kane.....	12 25	3 05	8 25
3 43	11 33	6 22	...Wilcox....	12 05	2 45	8 04
3 56	11 48	6 36	..Johnsonburg..	9 55	2 33	7 49
4 10	12 10	7 00	...Ridgway,....	9 35	2 15	7 30
.....	.....	.....		.....	.....	.....
4 20	12 20	7 10	..Mill Haven...	9 25	2 04	7 20
4 30	12 30	7 21	.. Croyland....	9 15	1 54	7 09
4 34	12 33	7 25	..Shorts Mills..	9 11	1 51	7 05
4 37	12 36	7 28	...Blue Rock...	9 07	1 47	7 01
4 41	12 40	7 33	.....Carrier.....	9 02	1 43	6 57
4 51	12 50	7 43	.Brockwayville.	8 53	1 33	6 47
4 54	12 54	7 47	...Lanes Mills..	8 47	1 28	6 43
		7 51	.McMinns Sm't.	8 43		
5 02	1 03	7 54	.Harveys Run..	8 39	1 19	6 35
5 10	1 10	8 00	..Falls Creek...	8 35	1 15	6 30
5 25	1 25	8 15	....DuBois.....	8 25	1 05	6 10
5 10	1 20	8 10	..Falls Creek...	6 58	1 13	6 30
5 27	1 32	8 23	.Reynoldsville..	6 44	12 52	6 15
6 00	1 59	8 50	...Brookville...	6 10	12 24	5 39
6 45	2 38	9 30	New Bethlehem	.....	11 47	4 50
7 25	3 20	10 10	...Red Bank....	.....	11 10	4 05
9 45	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg....	.....	9 00	1 30
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 107, daily,.....4:05 A. M.
Train No. 116, daily,.....4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 101, week days,.....8:25 A. M.
Train No. 103, week days.....1:45 P. M.

Train No. 103 will connect at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	109	113	101	105	107	901
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg,..Lv.	.....	†6 15	†9 00	†130	*505	† 9 00
Red Bank,.....	.....	9 28	11 10	4 05	7 55	11 10
Lawsonham,..	.....	9 40	‡1122	4 18	8 07	11 23
New Bethle'm.	.....	10 13	11 47	4 50	8 37	11 55
Brookville,....	†6 10	11 00	12 24	5 39	9 22	12 41
Reynoldsville,.	6 44	11 32	12 52	6 15	9 50	1 14
Falls Creek....	6 58	11 48	1 13	6 30	1005	1 29
DuBois,.....	7 05	†11 55	1 25	6 40	1010	† 1 35
Sabula,.....	7 17	.....	1 37	6 52	*	
Pennfield,.....	7 35	.....	55	7 10	Note.	
Bennezette,....	8 09	.....	2 29	7 44		
Driftwood,.....	†8 45	.....	†3 05	†820		
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood..Lv.	†9 44	.....	†8 45			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 25	.....	†4 10			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M	P. M.

WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	108	106	102	114	110	942
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Via P. & E. Div	.....	.....	†8 15	.....	†3 20	.....
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†9 00	.....	†4 00	.....
Driftwood, Ar..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....			.....		
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†6 15	†1120	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette,....	.....	6 50	11 55	.....	6 26	.....
Pennfield,.....	.....	7 25	12 30	.....	7 00	.....
Sabula,.....	.....	7 44	12 49	.....	7 18	.....
DuBois,.....	*6 20	8 00	1 05	†5 05	7 35	†4 10
Falls Creek,....	6 27	8 10	1 20	5 12	7 42	4 17
Reynoldsville,..	6 44	8 23	1 32	5 27	7 58	4 30
Brookville.....	7 15	8 50	1 59	6 00	†8 30	5 00
New Bethle'm.	8 01	9 30	2 38	6 45	.....	5 45
Lawsonham,..	8 31	9 57	†3 06	7 14	.....	6 18
Red Bank,Ar..	8 45	10 10	3 20	7 25	.....	6 30
Pittsburg, Ar...	*11 15	†1235	†5 30	†9 45	.....	†9 30
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. MS

Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stop. between Red Bank and DuBois.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only. ¶Flag Stop.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Agt. Gen'l Passenger

TIME TABLE No. 27.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R

Taking effect May 27th, 1901.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	10	8	4	6	2
	P. M.	.....	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Port Allegany,.. Lv.	3 15	.....	7 05	.....	11 36
Coleman,.....	*3 23	.....	○○	.....	*11 41
Burtville,.....	*3 30	.....	7 16	.....	11 47
Roulette,.....	3 40	.....	7 25	.....	11 55
Knowlton's,.....	*3 45	.....	○○	.....	*11 59
Mina,.....	3 59	.....	7 35	.....	12 05
Olmsted,.....	*4 05	.....	*7 38	.....	*12 09
Hammonds,.....	○○	.....	○○	.....	*12 13
Coudersport. {Ar.	4 20	A. M.	7 45	.....	12 15
{Lv.		6 10		6 00	1 00
North Coudersport,	.....	*6 15	.....	○○	*1 05
Frink's,.....	.....	6 25	.....	*6 10	*1 12
Colesburg,.....	.....	*6 40	.....	*6 17	1 20
Seven Bridges,.....	.....	*6 45	.....	*6 21	*1 24
Raymonds's,.....	.....	*7 00	.....	*6 30	1 35
Gold,.....	.....	7 05	.....	6 36	1 41
Newfield,.....	.....	○○	.....		1 45
Newfield Junction,..	.....	7 37	.....	6 45	1 50
Perkins,.....	.....	*7 40	.....	*6 48	*1 53
Carpenter's,.....	.....	7 50	.....	○○	*1 57
Crowell's,.....	.....	○○	.....	*6 53	*2 01
Ulysses,..... Ar.	.....	8 05	.....	7 05	2 10
	.....	A. M.	.....		P. M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	1	5	3	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Ulysses,.....Lv.	7 20	2 25	9 10	.....
Crowell's,.....	*7 27	*2 32	* 9 19	.....
Carpenter's,.....	○○	*2 34	* 9 22	.....
Perkins,.....	*7 32	*2 37	* 9 26	.....
Newfield Junction,.....	7 37	2 42	9 32	.....
Newfield,.....	*7 41	2 46	○○	.....
Gold,.....	7 44	2 49	9 40	.....
Raymond's.....	*7 49	2 54	* 9 47	.....
Seven Bridges,.....	*8 01	*3 05	*10 02	.....
Colesburg,.....	*8 04	3 09	*10 10	.....
Frink's,.....	*8 12	*3 17	*10 20	.....
North Coudersport, ...	○○	*3 26	*10 35	.....
Coudersport, {Ar.	8 25	3 30	10 45	.....
{Lv.	8 28	6 00	P. M. 1 20	.....
Hammonds,.....	○○	○○	○○	.....
Olmsted,.....	*8 33	*6 05	*1 31	.....
Mina,.....	8 37	6 10	1 37	.....
Knowlton's,.....	○○	*6 17	○○	.....
Roulette,.....	8 47	6 21	1 51	.....
Burtville,.....	8 54	6 28	2 01	.....
Coleman,.....	○○	*6 34	○○	.....
Port Allegany,.....	9 08	6 40	2 25	.....

(*) Flag stations. (○○) Trains do not stop
†. Telegraph offices. Train Nos. 3 and 10 carry passengers. Tains 8 and 10 do.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south, At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R

Time Table taking Effect June 23, 1902.

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

"The Grand Scenic Route."

READ DOWN.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....	
Lv K'ting Smt...		12 40	7 30	9 10	.....	
.....Austin.....	6 35	1 05	8 00	9 50	.....	
.....Costello.....	6 44	1 14	.....		.....	
....Wharton.....	6 56	1 26	.....	3 10	.....	
Cross Fork Jct.	7 39	2 09	.....	4 23	.....	
....Corbett.....	8 06	2 36	.....	5 15	.....	
Germania,.....		2 47	.....	5 15	.....	
Ar. {Galeton,.....	.....	.....	.....	5 23	.....	
Lv. {Galeton,.....	8 23	2 53	.....	5 35	.....	
.....Gaines Jct.	8 36	3 06	.....	.....	.....	
...Westfield.....	9 13	3 43	.....	.....	.....	
...Knoxville.....	9 26	3 56	.....	.....	.....	
....Osceola.....	9 36	4 06	.....	.....	.....	
....Elkland.....	9 41	4 11	.....	.....	.....	
Ar..Addison.....	10 13	4 43	.....	.....	.....	
	A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....	.....	

READ UP.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....	P. M.
ar. K't'ng Smt...	8 45	7 10	.....	12 25	.....	.....
.....Austin,.....	8 00	6 43	.....	11 58	.....	8 45
.....Costello,.....	.....	6 34	.....	11 49	.....	8 36
...Wharton,.....	.....	6 24	8 04	11 39	.....	8 24
Cross Fork J'ct,	.....	5 40	7 25	10 58	.....	7 40
....Corbett,.....	.....	5 15	6 44	10 34	.....	7 15
...Germania,.....	.....	5 07	6 31	10 26	.....	7 07
dp..Galeton.....	P. M.	5 00	6 25	.....	.....	
ar, "	7 00	.....	1 00	10 20	.....	7 00
... Gaines, ...	6 47	.....	12 47	10 00	.....	6 47
...Westfield,....	6 11	.....	12 11	8 16	.....	6 11
...Knoxville....	5 55	.....	11 55	8 00	.....	5 55
....Osceola,.....	5 46	.....	11 46	7 51	.....	5 46
....Elkland,.....	5 41	.....	11 41	7 46	.....	5 41
Lv Addison,.....	5 10	.....	11 10	7 15	.....	5 10
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	.....	P. M.

Read down. Read up.

P. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	.....
	9 21	7 00	lv..Ansonia..ar	9 40	8 20	.....
	9 11		..Manhatten...	9 54	8 35	.....
	9 07		.South Gaines,.	9 57	8 39	.....
P. M.	8 59	6 37	..Gaines Junc..	9 59	8 42	.....
.....	8 45	6 25 ar	Galeton lv		8 55	.....
	6 30	1 05 lv	Galeton ar	10 10	4 45	.....
	6 47	1 34	....Walton.....	9 51	4 39	.....
.....	7 13	1 50	.Newfield Jct..	9 27	4 15	.....
.....	7 30	2 06	West Bingham,..	9 09	3 58	.....
.....	7 41	2 18	....Genesee....	8 58	3 48	.....
.....	7 46	2 24	....Shongo.....	8 53	3 43	.....
.....	8 06	2 46 dp	Wellsville ar	8 30	3 20	.....

STATIONS.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	ar	dp	A. M.	P. M	P. M.
3 05	2 00	7 15	Cross F'k Junc.		11 00	6 35	3 00
3 55	1 00	6 25	ar Cross Fork	dp	11 50	5 45	2 10

P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A M
8 58	1 00	Lv Sinnamahoning, Ar	1 40	165
8 15	1 40	ar.....Wharton.....lv	3 00	9 55

All trains run daily ○○ pt Sunday.

Sundays only.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating Summit with P. R. R. Buf. Div. for all points north and south.

At Ansonia with N.Y.C.& H.R.R. for all points north and south.

At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. R. R. west for Coudersport, east for Ulysses.

At Genesee for points on the New York & Pennsylvania R. R.

At Addison with Erie R. R., for points east and west.

At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west.

At Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.—P. & E. Div.

H. H. GARDINER, Gen'l Pass'r Agt. Buffalo, N.Y
W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt. Galeton, Pa.
M. J. McMAHON, Div. Pass Ag't., Galeton, Pa.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON, J. P. McNARNEY
JOHNSON & McNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

THOMAS WADDINGTON,
Emporium, Pa.,
CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND STONE-CUTTING.
All orders in my line promptly executed. All kinds of building and cut-stone, supplied at low prices. Agent for marble or

NOBODY WANTED IT.

A Hundred Years Ago Anthracite Coal Went Begging.

Man Who First Brought It to Philadelphia Was Denounced as an Impostor by the Wisest Quakers.

[Special Washington Letter.]

THERE has been a great deal said and written about anthracite coal, during the past year, but nobody has told anything interesting about where it comes from.

There lives in Philadelphia a veteran newspaper correspondent, well known to the writer, who is now about 55 years young; and he has been all over the region lately, with his nose for news and his accurate descriptive methods. He writes: "Similar to the electric telegraph, the type-setting machine, the graphophone, telephone and all other newly-discovered facts or laws of nature, coal had a hard time 'winning its way' with the people."

There is a local author named Watson, full name not given, from whose writing, of 1857, is quoted the following: "The Mount Carbon coal was known to exist in the neighborhood more than 50 years ago (about 1800), and some search was made. But the coal found being so very different from any which was previously known, it was not thought to be of any value, and the search was abandoned."

This means that more than 100 years ago people were digging beneath the soil for their fuel, but were not satisfied with the product found. The mountains were covered with boundless forests, and so the average laborer or business man, pointing to the trees, inquired: "Why dig?"

"It is supposed to be 107 years," says Watson, "since a blacksmith of the name of Whetstone found coal and used it in his smithshop. At a very early period a Judge Cooper declared his belief of the existence of coal in the district, and Messrs. Potts explored various places along the old Sunbury road, but success did not attend their operations. A Mr. William Morris afterwards became the proprietor of most of the coal lands at the head of the canal; he found coal and took some quantity to Philadelphia about the year 1800, but all his efforts to bring it into use failed and he abandoned the project and sold his lands to their late proprietor, Mr. Potts.

"It does not appear that much notice was taken of the coal from the time of Whetstone, and the search made by Messrs. Potts, until about 1829, when a person of the name of Peter Bastrus, a blue dyer, in building the valley forge, found coal in the tailrace. About the same time a Mr. David Berlin, a blacksmith in that neighborhood, permanently commenced and introduced the use of stone in the smith's forge, and continued to use and instruct others in its use many years afterwards. But old habits again became victorious, and appear to have held undisputed sway until Mr. George Shoemaker, an innkeeper at Pottsville, and Nicholas Allen discovered coal on a piece of land they had purchased, now called Centreville. Allen soon became disheartened and gave up the concern to Shoemaker, who, receiving encouragement from some gentleman in Philadelphia, got out a quantity of coal and

CALLED SHOEMAKER AN IMPOSTOR.

brought nine wagon loads to Philadelphia, where again it met with a host of opposition.

"On two wagon loads Mr. Shoemaker got the carriage paid; the others he gave away to persons who would attempt to use them. The result was against the coal; those who tried them pronounced them stone and not coal, good for nothing, and Shoemaker an impostor.

"At length, after a multitude of disappointments, and when Shoemaker was about to abandon the coal and return home, Messrs. Mellon and Bishop, of Delaware county, made an experiment with some of the coal in their rolling mill, and found it to succeed beyond expectation, and to be a highly valuable and useful fuel. The result of their experiments was published at the time in all the Philadelphia papers. Some experiments with the coal were made in the works at the falls of Schuylkill, but without success. Mr. Wernwag, the manager of the Phoenix works, at French Creek, also made a trial of the coal, and found it eminently useful. From that time forward the use of the coal spread rapidly, and it became a most important and valuable branch of trade."

The history of the Lehigh Coal company—which appears to have been the first corporation to traffic in the newly-discovered fuel—is a singular exemplification of the wonderful growth and the small beginning of what is now the basis of the chief industries of our country. It was originated in 1773, on a very small scale, and began its career by purchasing a tract of land from one Jacob Weiss, on Summit hill, nine miles beyond Mauch Chunk, where the company made a large opening. The difficulty and expense of transportation, however, disheartened the stockholders, and the property was permitted to lie idle for some years. What are now known as the first and second coal regions were then undiscovered. Coal had only been found on the Summit hill

SOME FOREIGN-BORN MINERS.

and at the Beaver meadows, but even there they had no occupation of any continuous strata for miles. Indeed, the coal company had offered a bonus of $200 to anyone who should discover coal on their lands nearer to the Lehigh than the Summit mine; but there were no claims for discovery. In the meantime, however, coal was used for the forge fires of the blacksmiths in the neighborhood, and also in some of the bar-rooms in the taverns along the roads not distant.

In 1807 the company, for the purpose of bringing their coal into notice, gave a lease of 21 years of one of their coal veins to Rowland and Butland, gratis, for the manufacture of iron, from the ore and coal to be dug. It failed of success. In 1813 the coal company gave a lease of ten years of their lands to Messrs. Cist and Robinson, conditioned that they should take to market annually 10,000 bushels of coal to their own profit. Five arks were dispatched. Three of them were wrecked in the Lehigh, two reached Philadelphia and the business was abandoned. White and Hazard gave $20 a ton for that coal for their wire manufactory, and yet it was not enough to meet the costs of mining.

That attempt, however, led to future results of permanent good for in 1817 White and Hazard, from the need of such coal, were induced to visit the Lehigh with George Kauts, and there the three contracted with the coal company on a lease for 20 years, on condition that they should take 40,000 tons of coal annually for their own benefit.

In 1818 they procured a legislative grant to improve the navigation of the Lehigh—a measure deemed almost chimerical by many. After some time they procured a stock association and went on from year to year expanding and improving—taking, however, but little coal to market until the year 1820—when they got to Philadelphia 365 tons "as the first fruits of the concern." Little as that was, it completely ocked the market, and was sold with difficulty. It increased each subsequent year up to 1824—making it that year a delivery of 9,541 tons. In 1825 it ran up to 28,393 tons, and kept along at nearly that rate until 1832, when it delivered 70,000 tons. From that time it went on regularly increasing until 1839, when it had delivered 221,850 tons. "And now that it has got its momentum," wrote Watson, "who can guess where it will end?"

At the time of the historian's writing no one would have had the audacity to guess anywhere near the real figures of the anthracite coal production of Pennsylvania at the present day. From the output of a trifle ove. 200,000 tons in 1839 the industry grew until, in 1901, the coal fields of the counties of Carbon, Columbia, Dauphin, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Northumberland, Schuylkill and Susquehanna, comprising the Schuylkill, Lehigh and Wyoming regions, made shipments of anthracite coal amounting to over 45,000,000 tons.

For reasons inscrutable and incomprehensible to man, the tremendous furnaces of nature fused the limitless copper supply and deposited it in Arizona, where it is grudgingly today yielding to man's demands. For like unknowable reasons this great inexhaustible anthracite deposit was made and wedged into these mountains near tidewater. The deeper the diggings, the heavier the blasts, the greater the tonnage product, the wider and more inexhaustible seem the possibilities of this immensity of fuel. With all of his best appliances man could not expect to dispose of all of the anthracite in a thousand years.

The investigator says that this long-despised fuel which now moves all of the locomotives, trains, ships, engines and machinery of a continent, provides also comfortable and happy homes for more than half a million people in the contiguous region.

SMITH D. FRY.

Has Insured His Voice.

A Russian tenor at Warsaw has insured his voice for 25,000 rubles.

THE FARMING WORLD

THE GOOD DIRT ROAD.

It Cannot Exist Where Surface and Subsurface Drainage Are Not Complete.

The first and most important essential for a good dirt road is thorough drainage. Drainage to be thorough must not only take off the surface water but also the sub-surface moisture.

To have a dry and solid surface on a dirt road there must be beneath the surface a subsoil that is not saturated with water. No matter how well the roadbed be graded up, unless ample provision is made for thoroughly and speedily draining out the subsurface moisture the road will become "muddy" after every heavy rain—if the rains continue such roads become impassable.

While open ditches at the sides of the road will carry off the surface water, they will not drain the roadbed speedily enough to prevent mud and preclude sponginess, the condition so wearying to draft animals and detrimental to heavy hauling.

To afford quick and effective drainage a line of six-inch tile should be laid in the center of the road below the reach of frost.

In the level land where the soil is loose and porous such a tile so laid in a graded roadbed would drain a track 40 feet wide. As open side ditches, constructed so as to give a continuous and unobstructed flow of water, will not only carry off the surface water but also aid in draining off subsurface moisture, the addition of the six-inch tile as here suggested will speedily and thoroughly drain the roadbed.

The distance which such a tile drain can be run without outlet will depend upon the lay and character of the land, varying from 30 to 60 rods. In very flat land, where not convenient to obtain frequent outlets, two six-inch tiles may be laid side and side of each other, which will permit a longer distance between outlets; but the outlets should be sufficiently numerous to rapidly drain out all subsurface water.

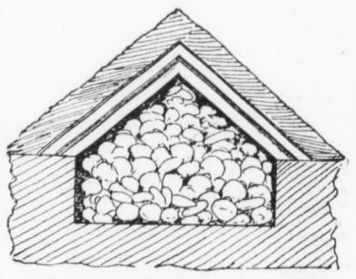
A roadbed cannot be thoroughly drained when the side ditches are so small that the water stands in pools or sink holes and only escapes by absorption or evaporation.

Where surface and subsurface drainage are complete, good dirt roads may be had. Where they are not good it is impossible to have good dirt roads.—Farmers' Voice.

EXCELLENT ROOT PIT.

Its Designer Considers It Indispensable for the Successful Wintering of Root Crops.

Last winter my beets, turnips and carrots were for the first time preserved in a pit; results were wholly satisfactory. The root did not shrink and grow wilty as they will in a cellar that



DESIRABLE FORM OF ROOT PIT.

is too dry and warm. The pit was 2x4x8 foot. The roots were thrown in mixed just as happened, spaces between the roots being filled with the sandy subsoil. The sand filling does much to preserve firmness and quality. The heap was covered with three inches of straw, then a layer of boards, then more straw, and finally with six to eight inches of soil.—G. B. Fiske, in Farm and Home.

Growing Onions Under Glass.

The Farm and Fireside says that there is a chance for profitable work in some sections growing the Prizetaker or other Spanish onions under glass, and selling the young plants by the hundred or by the thousand to those who want them to set out in the spring, and yet do not want to bother with a hotbed or have no greenhouses. This method of starting onion plants under glass and transplanting them seems to grow more popular each year, as it gets well-ripened onions into market much earlier than when they are grown from the seed, and the Spanish onions seem to be best adapted to that plan where they can hardly be grown out of doors.

Cure of Wagon Boxes.

It pays to have a good bottom in the wagon-box and it also pays to have a hired man who will not throw a chunk of rock salt or coal as large as a cook stove from a car into the wagon, breaking a hole in the bottom large enough to throw a cat through. A man who will do this ought to be made to furnish enough coal for one stove all winter. I am of the opinion that some kind of springs on the bolsters of the wagon would save the bottoms of the boxes, and I know that it is necessary to have a good plate on the side, where the front wheel cramps in turning. Neglecting this means a new box sometimes.—Midland Farmer.

She Was Not Superstitious.

During a marriage ceremony at Northeast Harbor, a week ago, the long veil of the bride in some unaccountable way became loosened, and fell. A superstitious bride would have been horror-stricken at such an occurrence—perhaps would have fainted, perhaps postponed the event. Not so this bride. She just stopped the proceedings long enough to readjust the refractory adornment, glanced smilingly at the groom, and then, with a let-the-procession-move look toward the minister, resumed her position at the altar. The reverend gentleman proceeded, and it was noticed that he gave an extra tug at the nuptial knot.—Kennebec Journal.

Southwest Colonist Excursions.

Low one-way and round trip rates to Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas, on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month. Write for particulars and literature. James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 501 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

At a Brooklyn Boarding House.

Mrs. Oldbird (sweetly)—Mr. Choosey, will you pass the butter?

Mr. Choosey (emphatically—You bet your life—if it's no better than usual.—Judge.

Many of us might be happy if we did not suffer from disorders of the liver. Then we ought to use Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which cure the disorders and bring the whole system to a healthy condition.

"De man dat's allus tryin' to git sumpin' foh nuffin'," said Uncle Eben, "is purty li'ble to wind up by bein' one o' de people dat gits nuffin' foh sumpin'."—Washington Star.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Schoolmaster—"Now, let us have 'Little Drops of Water' again, and do, please, put a little spirit into it."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Stops the Cough
and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.—Emerson.

Carpets can be colored on the floor with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

A clean youth makes a clear old age.—Ram's Horn.

Tact teaches men when to be silent.—Chicago Daily News.

Right ends are never furthered by wrong agencies.—Ram's Horn.

Necessity knows no law; therefore it is the mother of invention.—Judge.

Some people mistake spectacular effect for success.—Chicago Daily News.

Experience with many people is merely the raw material for conversation.—Judge.

It is perhaps because art is long that so many artists are short.—Chicago Journal.

German Instructor (to usually late student)—"I see you are early of late; you used to be behind before, and now you are first at last."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Dar is two kin's o' friends," said Uncle Eben; "dem dat wants to do you favors and em dat expects you to do favors foh dem. I kin tell you in one guess which kin' you has de mos' of."—Washington Star.

Putting It Delicately.—"There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," asserted the maiden lady of uncertain age. "But you never cared much for fish, did you?" returned the pert young thing, with delicate significance.—Chicago Post.

Merchant—"Yes, I've lost my entire fortune. Our most trusted employe robbed us of enough to force my company into bankruptcy." Friend—"But you surely saved something from the wreck." Merchant—"No. We found the receiver as bad as the thief."—Philadelphia Press.

A One-Sided Contract.—Bilks—"Yes; my wife and I have agreed that whenever I make a mistake I am to acknowledge the fault at once." Jinks—"But when she is in error, you will call her attention to the fact?" Bilks—"Well, hardly. That would simply be another one for me to acknowledge."—Detroit Free Press.

I Did Not Feel That I Could Walk

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with thankfulness I write that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has been of the greatest help to me. My work keeps me standing on my feet all day and the hours are long. Some months ago it didn't seem as though I could stand it. I would get so dreadfully tired and my back ached so I wanted to scream with the pain. When I got home at night I was so worn out I had to go right to bed, and I was terribly blue and downhearted. I was irregular and the flow was scanty, and I was pale and had no appetite. I told a girl friend who was taking your medicine how I felt, and she said I ought to take it too. So I got a bottle of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and commenced to take it. It helped me right off. After the first few doses menstruation started and was fuller than for some time. It seemed to lift a load off me. My back stopped aching and I felt brighter than I had for months. I took three bottles in all. Now I never have an ache or pain, and I go out after work and have a good time. I am regular and strong and am thankful to you for the change.

"I recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** whenever I hear of a girl suffering, for I know how hard it is to work when you feel so sick."—MISS MAMIE KEIRNS, 553 9th Ave., New York City.

Women should not fail to profit by the experiences of these women; just as surely as they were cured of the troubles enumerated in their letters, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, irregular and painful menstruation, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

Miss Amanda T. Petterson, Box 131, Atwater, Minn., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM.—I hope that you will publish this testimonial so that it may reach others and let them know about your wonderful medicine.

"Before taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** I was troubled with the worst kind of fainting spells. The blood would rush to my head, was very nervous and always felt tired, had dark circles around eyes.

"I have now taken several bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and am entirely cured. I had taken doctor's medicine for many years but it did me no good.

"Please accept my thanks for this most excellent medicine which is able to restore health to suffering women."

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.

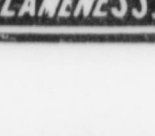
$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

WESTERN CANADA
The Vast Areas of This Remarkable Agricultural Country

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Are attracting more attention than any other District in the World. "The Granary of the World." "The Land of Sunshine." The Natural FEEDING Grounds for STOCK. Area under Crop in 1902.....1,987,530 ACRES. YIELD 1902.. 117,922,754 Bushels. Abundance of Water, Fuel, Plentiful. Cheap Building Material, Good Grass for pastures and Hay, a fertile soil, a sufficient rainfall, and a climate giving an assured and adequate season of growth. Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Free. Close to Churches, Schools, etc. Railways tap all settled districts. Send for Atlas and other literature to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or JOSEPH YOUNG, 216 State Street, East Columbus, Ohio; H. M. WILLIAMS, 20 Law Bldg., Toledo, Ohio; Canadian Government Agents who will supply you with certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.

FREE TO WOMEN



To prove the healing and cleansing power of **Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic** we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions **absolutely free.** This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in **local treatment of female ills,** curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash, and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send to-day; a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. PAXTON CO., 201 Columbus Av., Boston, Mass.

ST. JACOBS OIL
POSITIVELY CURES
Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Feetache
All Bodily Aches
AND
CONQUERS PAIN.

FINE SERVICE TO MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE
NEW LINE FROM CHICAGO

Via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service en route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

BLAIR'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS
Cure indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, etc. By mail on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. HENRY C. BLAIR, 8th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

For Burns and Scalds Use
MEXICAN **MUSTANG LINIMENT**
THE BEST LINIMENT MADE FOR MAN OR BEAST, THERE IS NO TEST LIKE THE TEST OF TIME AND USE

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A. N. K.—C 1948

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, ATLANTA, GA.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL
FOR RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, EARACHE, CUTS, WOUNDS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, DIPHTHERIA, SORES, ULCERS, AND ALL PAIN, SORENESS, LAMENESS, SWELLING AND INFLAMMATION. 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS.

1/2

At one
HALF THE COST
Lion Coffee

has better strength and flavor than many so-called "fancy" brands.

Bulk coffee at the same price is not to be compared with Lion in quality.

In 1 lb. air tight, sealed packages.

You can look the county over, and you will not find a more complete, up-to-date line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

OUR

Fall and Winter Stock

is now in, and ready for your inspection.

DRY GOODS,

HEAVY ALL-WOOL SKIRTINGS,

READY-MADE SKIRTS,

LADIES WAISTS, ETC.

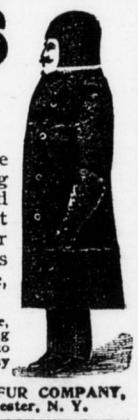
Our Notion department is full of new things, and lots of bargains. We have added

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTHS' OVER COATS AND READY MADE SUITS.

J. E. SMITH,

Sterling Run, Pa.

SEND US A COW,



Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HARPER WHISKY

The 'Aristocrat among' the Whiskies of the old School. Without a peer.

For sale by

M. J. DOLAN.

Weak Nerves

People cannot help worrying when their nerves are weak. That feeling of languor, dullness and exhaustion is the fearful condition which often precedes insanity. The power to work or study diminishes and despondency depresses the mind night and day.

If you are suffering the tortures of Nervous Debility, there is no knowing how soon you may decline to something more horrible. But you can get well. The youthful strength, buoyancy and happiness can be restored by the use of

Sexine Pills

They have cured thousands, and we have so much confidence in them that we give an iron clad guarantee with a $5.00 order.

Sent anywhere in plain package. $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. Book free. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by R. C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa. 51

Notice of Administratrix.

Estate of HAZARD P. SPENCE, Deceased.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of Hazard P. Spence, late of Shippen township Cameron county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Margaret E. Spence, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

MARGARET E. SPENCE,
Administratrix.

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 19th, 1902.
GREEN & SHAFFER, Solicitors. 44-6t.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1902.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 13, 1903, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Noises In Your Chest.

The doctor hears some curious noises when he places the stethoscope against your chest. When the lungs are in a healthy condition, the medical gentleman hears a pleasant, breezy sound, soft in tone, as you draw in the breath and expel it. Should the instrument convey to his ear a gurgling or bubbling sound he makes a mental note of the fact that you are in what is known as the moist stage of bronchitis. In the dry stage of the same complaint the sound is a whistling, wheezy one.

One of the signs of pneumonia is the crackling note that comes through the stethoscope. It is not unlike the sound that can be heard when your finger and thumb have touched a sticky substance and you first place them together and then part them, holding them close to your ear.

Doctors occasionally hear a dripping sound, and that indicates that air and water have got into some part of the chest where they have no right to be. Blow across a bottle, and you will produce a sound which is actually to be heard in your chest. It is caused in the same way—that is, by air passing over a cavity.

The Lack of Reserve.

"He had no reserve." How often we hear this expression on 'change or in the street when a firm has failed or when a business man has been pushed to the wall! It would make a fitting epitaph for the grave of many a failure. A man without reserve is like a condemned, leaky vessel. On a calm day it can be towed from port to port, but it would be utterly helpless in a storm.

Many fail from lack of reserve of education, of early training, of solid, ingrained habit. Others fail from lack of reserve of savings, of capital. Many have gone down from the lack of character reserve, of health reserve, of friendship reserve. It pays to store up reserve of every kind, to be prepared for every emergency. Too exhausting effort, too extravagant expenditure, too reckless daring or too much reliance on unknown factors leaves no margin or reserve, so that a slip would mean a certain fall.—Success.

A Scotch Superstition.

"In a recent visit I paid to friends abroad I came across a superstition that was new to me," said a traveler the other day. "One day at dinner somebody hit a glass, which began the ringing, jingling noise that is familiar when glassware is struck, and immediately another guest covered the piece with his hands so as to muffle the sound. Every one present said, 'That's right; stop the ringing.' I found out on inquiring that when one causes this ringing of a glass piece to cease it saves a human life from drowning. How the notion originated I can't explain, but these people I speak of were intelligent and not generally given to cherishing absurd notions. It is said to be a Scotch superstition, but none of my friends could throw light on its origin."

A Story of Charles James Fox.

A gambling story is told of Charles James Fox that rather reflects on his honor. He was one of the ardent admirers of Mrs. Crewe, a noted beauty of her day, and it is related that a gentleman lost a considerable sum to this lady at play and, being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave Mr. Fox the money to pay her, begging him to apologize to her for his not having paid the debt of honor in person. Fox lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met the supposed debtor afterward and, surprised that he never noticed the circumstances, at length delicately hinted the matter to him.

"Bless me!" said he. "I paid the money to Mr. Fox three months ago."

"Oh, did you, sir?" said Mrs. Crewe good naturedly. "Then probably he paid me and I forgot it."

A Witty Reply.

At a London dinner General Horace Porter was once referred to by the chairman in the following way: "We have here tonight General Horace Porter, and I call upon him for a speech. The gentleman is like a slot machine—you put in a dinner, and out comes a speech." The witty general rose and replied with a quick fire of satire: "The chairman has thought fit to liken me to a slot machine. May I return the compliment and say that he is like one also? He puts in a speech, and up comes your dinner."

A Chance to Eat Mussels.

A story is told of a man condemned to death in France who was asked, according to custom, what he would prefer for his last meal. He chose mussels, which, though his favorite dish always, he said, caused him a terrible indigestion. "This time, however," he added grimly, "they will not have the chance."

Days of Chivalry.

Wife (drearily)—Ah, me! The days of chivalry are past.

Husband—What's the matter now?

Wife—Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat.—New York Weekly.

Forethought.

Gilhooley—Oi jist bought me a bottle of hair restorer.

Mulcahey—But your hair ain't falling out.

Gilhooley—Thot's jist it! If Oi shtart usin' it now, Oi won't git bald when me hair does fall out.

Explanatory.

"For the first attempt in public," said her friend encouragingly, "I thought you sang with a good deal of feeling."

"I don't wonder at that," replied the ambitious young vocalist; "my heart was in my throat all the time."—Chicago Tribune.

Ungrateful Queen Bess.

Her majesty's service was apt to be more plentifully supplied with kicks than ha'pence. Every one who ever did anything for Queen Bess seems to have been left with a bad debt on his books. So we find an unfortunate John Conley writing to Sir Robert Cecil that for the last two years he had been suitor for £100 for "beeves for the army," and complaining that "unless some order be taken I shall be undone." Sir Edward Hastynge, after spending his life in serving the queen, had to pawn his wife's jewels and beg her majesty "to bestow something upon me in this my latter age!"

So badly was the fleet that beat the armada provisioned that Francis Drake had to make at Plymouth mouldy bags of rice, and the unfortunate commander, after ten years' waiting, was refused payment, "this being an extraordinary victual not allowed for the navy." Nor did common soldiers fare better. The chief anxiety of all Elizabeth's ministers might, in her view, to have been how to save most money.—London Telegraph.

Strange Fishing Method.

In the olden time in England lords and ladies sometimes invented queer amusements. They were always on the lookout for some novelty, and one of the strangest they discovered was fishing by a goose. A line with a baited hook attached having been fastened to the goose, tied to its leg, she was flung into the water from the boat in which were all the gay lords and ladies. Then, when a pike caught the bait, she was sport indeed, a royal battle between bird and fish, and all the time, between the loud splashings, wheelings and flounderings, the onlookers in the boat giving vent to their feelings in cheers, handclappings and handkerchief waving.

But the goose was usually the victor, and ended the struggle by landing its prisoner on the shore, where its quack, quack, as it cleared itself from the line and waddled away ended the scene. The lake of Monteith in the southwest of Perthshire was often the scene of such angling matches.

The Bible and Law.

A certain well known lawyer, whose wife is almost an invalid, is telling a story which illustrates the often pointed, if unconscious, wit of the darky.

On one occasion, it seems, his wife was suffering intensely from a nervous headache and, thinking, perhaps, his voice might soothe her to sleep, asked him to read aloud to her, which he did as the colored maid went back and forth about the room setting things in order for the night.

Presently the maid quietly withdrew to the kitchen below, where the old cook, Aunt Phyllis, was making ready to lock up and depart.

"Mr. Alex sho' is a good man," said the maid, beginning. "He settin' up dar readin' de Bible to Miss Alice, an' she sick."

"Go on, chile," answered Aunt Phyllis; "don' yo' know Mr. Alex ain' readin' no Bible? He's a lawyer!"—New York Herald.

Lived Up to Her Name.

Apropos of the eternal domestic question, an Englishwoman relates this experience: "I engaged a maid named Pearl, and as I simply couldn't ask a Pearl to fill the coal scuttle or to holystone the doorstep, I said: 'I would rather call you by some other name. Have you a second one?' 'Yes,' replied the damsel brightly, 'my second name is Opal.' So I stuck to Pearl. At one time I all but engaged a maid named Hermione, but upon asking her, 'Have you a black dress, white caps and aprons?' she replied acidly: 'Yes, I have; but I'm not going to wear 'em. Ma didn't christen me 'Ermione fer to wear a livery.'"

Freaks of the Tariff.

The following amusing details of the freaks of the custom house are told in the Munchener Zeitung: A German gentleman returning from southwest Africa brought with him a tiny monkey weighing about two pounds. From Tanga to Genoa the animal was conveyed gratis. Thence to the Swiss frontier 15d. was charged on it as "a bird." The St. Gothard railway officials, however, viewed it as "a dog," and charged 7s., while on the Eastern Swiss railway it became a mere "package," liable to 8d. Through Baden and Wurttemberg the animal was passed free, but at Stuttgart it again became "a dog" and cost another 17d.

Cockney Riddles.

"Why is a crane like a well known shellfish?" "Because it's an oyster" (a hoister).

It is stated that a well known riddle was written by a costermonger. The riddle in question is a charade and runs as follows:

My first's a little bird as 'ops,
My second's needful in 'ay crops,
My 'ole is good with mutton chops.

The answer, of course, is "sparrow-grass," which the learned Dr. Parr always insisted on using in preference to the politer "asparagus."—Notes and Queries.

Patient Waiters.

"Mary, what are you sitting out on that damp porch for? Don't you know it's 11 o'clock?"

"George and I are looking for the new comet, ma."

"But the new comet isn't due for several nights."

"Well, we are in no hurry, ma."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not So Strange.

It doesn't seem so remarkable that a diamond will cut glass when you consider that it will even make an impression on a woman's heart.

The heart of a man is never as hard as his head.—Lamartine.

A BANK of Information as well as of Deposit.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

EMPORIUM, PA.

The Best Place

TO put your money is in a reliable bank. You can deposit when you like, withdraw when you please. All sums accepted.

How People Lose their Money

BY Concealing it about their person; stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; sewing is up in skirts and ticks; tucking it under the couches and carpets; putting it in cupboards and bureau drawers. These are some of the ways by which people lose their money and some times their lives.

Unbroken Success.

On October 7th, 1884, this bank opened its doors for business. During all these years its record has been one unbroken success; as attested by the following figures:

Total Resources,

January 1, 1886,	-	$125,239.60
January 1, 1887,	-	143,417.52
January 1, 1888,	-	151,838.23
January 1, 1889,	-	207,022.07
January 1, 1890,	-	225,589.25
January 1, 1891,	-	215,049.22
January 1, 1892,	-	209,596.63
January 1, 1893,	-	241,743.97
January 1, 1894,	-	209,770.47
January 1, 1895,	-	197,300.07
January 1, 1896,	-	211,459.52
January 1, 1897,	-	204,479.61
January 1, 1898,	-	222,937.66
January 1, 1899,	-	247,751.76
January 1, 1900,	-	287,972.02
January 1, 1901,	-	341,382.71
January 1, 1902,	-	396,639.67
Dec. 20, 1902,		**531,025.65**

WE SOLICIT YOUR ACCOUNT

You never can know the convenience of a checking account. We supply you with a bank-book and a check-book, so that you can draw checks against your deposits in favor of other persons. Depositors are thus enabled to pay bills or withdraw money without coming to the bank. We aim to give satisfactory service.

Savings Department.

Begin early to save. The saving bank is the gateway of success. Teach your children to be honest and industious. Teach them to save their money, and where to put it. The young man who early begins to save is squarely on the road that leads to wealth.

The savings bank is a developer of character, thrift and energy. It is also a wise counselor, and a steadfast friend of every young person who wishes to rise.

The Home Savings Bank is patronized by the laborer and mechanic; it is patronized by the man of business and the man of leisure; in fact it is patronized by all classes, and during the year and a half past they have saved thousands of dollars.

All you have to do is to deposit two dollars, we give you a bank-book with a credit of two dollars to start with, you take the savings bank which has a clock in it; keeps correct time, and is a daily reminder to you to save your money.

Money Orders

We issue Bankers' Money Orders, good anywhere in the United States and Canada. We also issue Foreign Money Orders, good in any part of the world.

Safe Deposit Boxes

There's a feeling of comfort in having one's valuables beyond the reach of fire and theft. We rent boxes for the safe-keeping of bonds, deeds, notes, mortgages, insurance policies, wills and other important papers. You cannot afford to go without such protection. According to size of box, we rent for one year at cost of $1.50, $2.50 and $5.00.

Wishing you a MERRY CHRISTMAS, we beg to announce that this Bank will be closed on that day.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

Emporium, Pa.

Christmas

[Copyright, 1901, by Rosa C. Eichorn.]

"Life grows darker every day here on the creek."

"To you, Mrs. Aldine, but not to all the settlers, poor as we are. Maybe your luck will change."

"Preachers always talk that way. It's in your training, Mr. Goodnow. Besides, you get about to see every new face."

"And old timers too. If they do not join in our church doings, I try to take a little of the gospel to them."

"Well, I for one, am ashamed to go to meeting in the old clothes that I've got. I can't do it, Mr. Goodnow. But it's not the meetings and the crowds that I miss. The trouble's right here at home. This is Christmas eve, but, alas, where is the Christmas cheer?" She shook her head wearily. Her eyes wandered to the lone house they had just left. Mr. Goodnow took advantage of her absent gaze and mounted his horse. Relieved by that moment or two of retrospection, the widowed ranchwoman turned to him again.

"Ah, if I had half a dozen boys and girls to marry and bring home mates, it would be lively here, for all he is gone!"

Some troubles are beyond the consolation derived from words. The preacher of Led Horse meeting house was too wise to plead that Providence ordained Mrs. Aldine's early widowhood or the ambition which had taken Alice Aldine away to college, where she and a slip of a brother, more child than man, were the mother's sole support. Poor little Bert Aldine had grown up moody and dwarfish in the taint of universal loneliness. Solitude and a book, with Gyp, the great St. Bernard pet, eying him lazily from the blinking windows of his canine soul, made a heaven for the young emigrant, half orphaned just when he was beginning to long for a fling at life beyond the limits of home.

Preacher Goodnow's gaze wandered about the little hillside farm in search of some more congenial topic for conversation. It lighted on the St. Bernard trotting lazily around the curve above the ridge where the ranch trail hung like a shelf set on brackets.

"Now, at my cabin," said he, "your Gyp would be the most welcome Christmas company that I could bring home."

"Gyp is everything except just your own kind. He feels our loss too. He loved father, but he just clung to Allie. He was her keeper in childhood and her romping playmate always."

"Come, come; cheer up, Mrs. Aldine. This can't last forever. Bert will set the ranch booming, and your daughter'll come back. With her return all the likely fellows in the Creek will come pouring in over that trail yonder. You'll be holding pink teas. You'll look back on these days as the only days of peace. I tell you, Mrs. Aldine, when Allie comes back there won't be room in your cabin to turn around in. Put a likely girl on a ranch, and you'll have all the men company you want, and more too."

Mrs. Aldine smiled at his friendly attempt to brighten her thoughts. He continued:

"All evils end like the drought, the 'fresh' and the locusts. Yours will too. Cheer up, Mrs. Aldine. Your day is not far off."

"Bert knows nothing of ranch work. His father died too soon to teach him how to till the land. The boy's all for education, yet he has no books, and now that he's grown larger no clothes for his age—nothing but made over things from father's stock. Those, too, will soon be all gone."

"Allie's hard sense will make him all right, Mrs. Aldine. Girls are quick to fall into new ways. Your daughter may turn out a first class ranchwoman."

"I'm afraid not. Every one of her letters contains something about a young man she has met around college. Every day I expect to hear that there's a match on between them. Young folks off alone so don't have proper advice about choosing company."

"But your Allie is a girl of brains. She'll look out for 'number one,' which includes mother, brother and Gyp."

"The Lord grant that you're right. I have enough religion to pray that much. If Allie comes back, there will be joy on this ranch."

"Don't you worry; she'll come, Sister Aldine," urged the preacher, gathering up the reins. "And now, Bert," he added, turning to the boy, who came sauntering behind Gyp, "I say again, you're welcome to the few books I have. But you know a poor emigrant dominie can't boast of a library equal to a town minister's."

"Have you any that tell about blizzards?" asked the lad eagerly.

"Something like that among our young folks, and you shall have it too."

"I've read about a book on blizzards, and I want to see one. May I go along now and fetch it for Christmas?"

"Why, Bert," said his mother, "it's most night and coming on chilly."

Mr. Goodnow glanced skyward, shook his head dubiously, then cautioned Bert to wait a day or so. Said he: "The wind is freshening, and it comes from the ocean too. That means a storm. Who knows, we may have a real blizzard for Christmas."

"It's about getting lost in a blizzard that I want to read. That must be fun to get snowed under. I wouldn't care, with Gyp along."

"That's well put in, 'with Gyp along.' Gyp's an Alpine life saver. Guess I'd better be traveling along. Looks as though it were coming soon." He clucked to his pony, and as he turned to the friends he was leaving he called out gayly, "A merry Christmas, and many of them!"

The varying scene along the creek made fruitful study for the artist-minister as his sturdy mountain pony clattered over the sandy trail. The dog Gyp almost fell over himself as he sniffed the air at all points of the compass, lingering longest at the northwest, with his sensitive nose toward the peaks of the Rockies. If he read the weather signal, he made no further sign, but, doglike, accepted Bert's challenge to a race as the boy darted down the house trail shouting: "Hooray for the blizzard! I ain't afraid!"

The widow likewise gave no sign of having read the portents of that flurry of clouds rising back of the mountains. Those snowy peaks were still bathed in sunlight. The scene held her eyes with a strange fascination. The little clouds increased and rolled up like a black wall, hiding the hills and casting shadows across the low country at their base. Suddenly the intervening miles of sunlight were blotted out, and the storm burst over the plains.

Mrs. Aldine walked heavily after the racing boy and dog. In her mind hung an older picture than that which filled the eye. The visitor had stirred deep memories, and she swiftly lived over the drama of years. First, the shock to John Aldine's health, the sacrifice of business and home, emigration to the plains and death within a short year. The scanty fortune had been sunk in a quarter section, with a cluster of modest ranch buildings. Then an eastern relative offered Alice a scholarship, with the chances of earning her expenses for the whole college course. Bert was then a lad of nine whose sole idea of the country was a place to romp and have fun with the hayseeds. Out of this sad retrospect the ranchwoman was shaken by the noise of the gathering storm. The cold became intense. Snow as fine as salt sifted down before the wind, stinging the bare face and hands like needles. With Pert's erratic help, the live stock of the ranch was turned in for shelter just as darkness came down.

As the boy and woman rushed with lowered heads from the stable to the nearest door of their cabin Gyp bounded alongside in high spirits, his nose often to the keenest blast.

Indoors, the dog took his station at the window, with paws on the sill. Frequently he turned his pleading eyes on the others, watching their every movement with curious gaze. At length he set up a low whine to call their attention to the storm.

"Gyp wants to tackle it, ma," said Bert. "Tomorrow him and me'll have a Christmas trip up the creek. It'll be fine fun!"

"He sniffs trouble, and so do I. The last two days I've seen scraps floating in the creek. That means tenderfoot camp up above. Bits of straw, broken buckets, scraps of newspaper, horse combings and the like don't come down the creek from nowhere."

"Somebody's coming for Christmas, ma?" asked the boy, with widening eyes.

"Travelers, most likely, who can't make port ahead of this storm. Only for the dark, I'd take Gyp and guide them in."

"Let me go, ma—Gyp and me."

"Tomorrow we'll all go."

The ranchwoman slept little that night. Bert dozed by the fire alone, for he couldn't coax the dog from his vigil. Next morning Gyp's emotion was beyond his control. When let loose, he ran from place to place, constantly sniffing the northwest air from up the creek trail. At choretime he disappeared. Bert shouted lustily for him, but got no answer.

"He's off in the blizzard, ma, to hunt the snowed unders, and I'm going too."

"In an hour we'll start together." Mrs. Aldine prepared some brandy left from John's supply, also strips of blankets and mufflers. She drew on trousers and boots and John's greatcoat. It was a man's task to wade that deeply drifted snow. Carrying the bundles between, they bravely faced the storm.

The wind cut across their faces and drove the freezing snow into their blinded eyes. Bert soon lost his vim. Mrs. Aldine realized the perils of the trip, and they both turned back. After thawing himself out Bert said, "Hereafter when folks say it's colder than Christmas I'll know they never struck a Christmas blizzard on the Led Horse."

Toward midday, with the sun shining brightly on high, it looked warm from the windows of the ranch. "I can go on now, ma," said Bert. "Gyp's stuck it out, and so will I."

"Gyp's a blizzard dog; you're only a house boy; quite a difference on a day like this."

"Well, I won't be 'only a house boy.' I'm going after Gyp and the snowed unders, if there are any."

"Gyp ought to be back by this time," said Mrs. Aldine. Meanwhile she had quietly made ready for another trial. She added to her stock extra mittens for herself and Bert and a tin bucket filled with dry kindlings for making hot tea in the open. Bert carried the blankets strapped to his back.

They had proceeded but a short distance through the deep snow when Bert began to tire.

"Gyp ought to be here to carry this pack and make a trail, shouldn't he, ma?"

"He may be doing better work where he is." Bert faced it more bravely than before and began to see things more clearly. His mother was snow white, and he knew that he, too, must be covered with the powdered frost.

"All you lack is a beard, ma, to be a big Santa Claus. I'm just a dwarf, and your reindeer has run on ahead."

"Yes, and his tracks lead up the hill along yonder ridge. The wind has swept the snow away there, and we can trail him easy. He's found something, or he'd been back long ago."

Gyp's tracks gradually became fainter, but the ridge itself was a guide. The dog would take the shortest route, and Mrs. Aldine believed that travelers caught in the storm would make for the shelter of an oak clump a few miles up the creek.

Now and then she shaded her eyes and searched the line of the creek far ahead. The wagon trail ran along the valley, but that was drifted even with snow. At last they sighted the oaks, and there the keen eyes of the ranchwoman could outline a peculiar snowdrift, with patches of color flung over it. Was it a low cabin or a log pile snowed under? Gyp's tracks led to the strange drift. Its shape was irregular, and something besides driven snow held up the even crest.

"There's a stage or a wagon," said Mrs. Aldine. "What next?"

"I don't see," said Bert, shading his straining eyes.

"You will in a minute. Gyp's there too."

Speechless and eagerly they made that last spurt. Arched over with snow, they saw some spokes of wheels and above them the profile of an emigrant wagon thickly covered with icy snow. Beyond, partly hidden by winglike drifts branching right and left and half buried in snow, were the figures of four horses, the wheelers of the team almost upright in the heavy bank, and the leader in the act of rearing to mount the crest of a monster drift. In frantic struggle they had perished from exhaustion and cold.

Gyp's tracks led around over the horses' bodies and the driver's seat. Bert was instantly changed from boy to man. The storm had promised him a Christmas picnic. Here was tragedy. Death might lie beneath that mysterious mound. Leaping ahead, he dashed to the torn end of the canvas cover, looked in and withdrew his head long enough to shout, "Ma, it's Allie!" then plunged through the hole made by the frantic Gyp.

"God grant we're not too late!" cried the mother, the full burden of her presentiment surging heavily upon her heart.

Between barricades of boxes were two figures buried in robes and blankets. One was Alice, and close to her waxen face lay Gyp's. His eyes were rather human than canine and seemed to say, "I have done the correct thing and saved her." He had burrowed under the robes to give the freezing girl the warmth of his own thick coat and the heat from still warmer blood.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"I wrote you of my marriage," murmured the girl faintly after the victims had been thawed back to life. Mrs. Aldine almost dropped the cup of hot broth she was giving the loyal driver, Yankton Bill, whose white and blistered hands were useless stumps.

"Then that letter was lost on the way," said she, and for the first smiled on the robust tenderfoot whom Gyp had also kept from perishing as he snuggled in beside his freezing mistress.

"Yes, I wrote that, but I didn't tell you that we should cross the plains for our honeymoon. I wanted to surprise you Christmas day."

Bert and Gyp put in a lively holiday week bringing to the ranch the contents of the boxes stored in the blockaded wagon. They were filled with clothing, books and blankets, a timely donation to the Led Horse meeting house folks from the King's Daughters of the Ohio town where Alice had so effectually looked out for number one.

On the last trip to the drift the tenderfoot and Yankton Bill helped haul the sled home, for it was weighted down by a large trunk bearing the legend, "R. R., Grangeville, Minn." When opened, the trunk disgorged a motley pile of stout working clothes very unlike a college boy's wardrobe. Mrs. Aldine turned to her daughter with questioning eyes.

"Oh, it's nothing, mother," said Alice, "excepting that my Christmas present is a born and bred farmer to run the land. We're here to remain, if you'll have us, Ralph Ralston and Alice, his wife."

ROSA C. EICHORN.

A Step in the Right Direction

Is when you step into our store to buy your supplies for the family larder. We have the quality of goods that "taste like more," and at prices that gives you a chance to buy more, and a larger variety than at any other grocery. Groceries of all descriptions, Maple Syrup, Sauer Kraut, Buckwheat Flour and Pillsbury's Best Flour, Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Vegetables of all kinds. We can supply your wants for the holidays, both in groceries, meats and poultry. Our market is stocked with Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens and all kinds of Meats—fresh and juicy. Mince-meat, Sausage and Smoked Meats constantly on hand. Prices the lowest, quality considered. Come in and convince yourself with a trial order. Everything must be satisfactory or money refunded.

FRANK SHIVES.

Ready for

Fall and Winter

Coats, Capes and Cloaks. As the cold weather season draws near, you must be prepared to meet the winds of the chilly winter, and we are now ready with a much larger stock than heretofore, to meet your wants. The very latest styles in Ladies' Coats, Capes and Cloaks. If you fail to see our large stock and get our prices you will be the loser

Furs. In the fur line we lead in this county. We have anything in this line that can be desired and the prices are sure to make ready sales. Call and see our large stock.

Shirt Waist Patterns. We carry a handsome line of Shirt Waist Patterns, as our large trade in this line fully demonstrates.

We are now ordering carpet by samples and can surely please you from our large stock of patterns. We can furnish you from the cheapest to the most expensive.

We invite the citizens to visit our store and get our prices. You will receive cordial treatment whether you purchase or not.

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Get the Best Always

For Your Husband, Sweetheart or Brother.

While looking around endeavoring to find something to give your husband, brother or sweetheart,

John Cruice,

Who manufactures and keeps a choice line of Cigars of his own manufacture, as well as all the popular brands of Smoking and Chewing tobaccos and Smokers articles, will help you make a wise selection. His new line of

SMOKERS ARTICLES, including Meerschaum and Briar Pipes, is the finest line ever exhibited here

Try a box of "Spanish Arms," the best ten cent cigar on the market; $3.25 for fifty, or a box of "Cyclone," the leader, $2.00 for fifty. No better cigars in the county. All smokers use them and endorse their elegant flavor. Give us your order early.

JOHN CRUICE.

DID you hear what the old man said to me when he gave me the ten?" asked Robert Allerton of the bright-faced cashier as they prepared to close the office the night before Christmas. "He said: 'Take that and make a merry Christmas for your family.'"

"Well, wasn't that a very appropriate Christmas suggestion?" inquired the cashier.

"My family!" said the young man, fiercely. "You tell me where my family is, will you? Other fellows have mothers and fathers and sisters to make a Christmas for. I never had a single soul on the face of the earth, so far as I know, that I could call my family. What good is Christmas, or ten-dollar gold pieces, or anything, for a fellow who don't belong anywhere?" and Robert gulped down something that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

"Cheer up, and come over to our house to-morrow; we'll help you to forget your troubles," said his tender-hearted companion.

"It isn't merely a good time I want," said Robert; "I'm not a baby; it is to have somebody that belongs to me to make a good time for."

"Why don't you adopt a family of your own for Christmas?" asked the girl, with a sudden inspiration.

Robert stared at her in amazement.

"But, really, why couldn't you? There are thousands of people, young and old, in this city, who never have anyone to make a Christmas for them. There's my car; sorry I must go. Don't get blue; take my advice, adopt a family of your own for Christmas," and the girl hurried away.

"Adopt a family, great idea!" said Robert to himself; but the idea still lingered in his mind, and really there was something strangely fascinating in the thought of the ownership of a real, live family.

He stood on the corner, undecided where to go, because it did not really matter to anybody where he went; a bright-eyed, clear-brained, loving-hearted youth, candidate for sonship to some loving mother or father; possessed with a perfect passion for helping those weaker than himself; a youth to make a mother's heart supremely happy, and a father proud and glad.

"I'm earning enough," thought Robert. "I could support a mother and a sister, too; and I'm going to be promoted. Mr. Wilkins, the manager, told me so to-day. But what's the use? It will only be a few more dollars to put away in the bank. It does seem as if things were pretty well tangled up in this world sometimes. I'd give up my job any day if I could have a family like John Witherbee's, and yet he is always grumbling because he has to help at home."

As Robert walked aimlessly down the street, he found himself unconsciously scrutinizing every woman and child, with the idea of possible proprietorship.

The door of a church stood invitingly open, and because Robert did not belong anywhere in particular, he entered and sat down in a corner. Something unusual was evidently in progress. A man stood on the platform, and seemed to be acting as auctioneer.

"Who'll take them, a family of seven, two sick babies, three little girls, an old grandmother, and a lame father? Deacon Bliss? I know your generous heart; you always bid for the biggest and hungriest family. The next one is a sick mother and three small children. Perhaps I'd better stop to explain before I proceed farther. I see there are a number of strangers who have come in since I was talking. We have 12 families on our list for a Christmas celebration; none of them will know that to-morrow is Christmas unless you help us to tell them. Now, get in your bids quick, for they are going fast. Remember the good Lord's 'Whosoever,' and snap them up lively;" and the voluble deacon proceeded with his list.

Robert sat and listened with added interest. "It's not such a preposterous idea, after all, this adopting a family for Christmas," thought he. "I wonder if there are any left that will fit my case."

"Here's the last on my list," called out the deacon; "a mother—and a dear little woman she is, too—and two little maidens of three and ten; her only son killed in a railroad accident six months ago. Nobody want them? Dear me, that is too bad! Yes, I know you have every one of you taken your share; but we mustn't let that family go; I'll take it myself first, although I've five booked against my name already. What's that, young man? You'll take them? Bless your heart, you'll never regret it. One shake of the dear old mother's hand will pay you."

It did not take Robert more than five minutes to get directions as to street and number, and all the time he was doing some close calculating as to the investment of the ten-dollar gold piece.

"A fine dinner you're getting for your family," said the grocer, as he packed the basket full of good things. "Are there many of them?" "Only a mother and two little girls," Robert answered with a blush, and yet with a feeling of satisfaction.

"Supposing I should not like them?" he thought, as he knocked at the door of a tiny cottage on an unpretentious street.

His first look into Mrs. Robbins' motherly, worried face settled that question.

"I think there must be some mistake, sir," said the little widow; "they're surely not for us," and her voice trembled as she looked down at the two little daughters who were hovering expectantly over the bulky basket. "Are you the grocer's young man, and are you sure you have the right number?"

"Yes," answered Robert, "it's just the right number and description; a dear little mother and two little maidens of three and ten."

For a minute or two Mrs. Robbins feared she was harboring an escaped lunatic, but Robert, perceiving her perplexity, hastened to explain.

As he graciously listened to Mrs. Robbins' words of gratitude, he took a mental inventory of the possibilities of the Robbins' household with a view to a Christmas-day celebration. The field was evidently undeveloped. Not a doll, nor a picture-book; not a set of dishes nor a Noah's ark was to be seen. "It's all straight sailing on the toy question," thought Robert, "and by the appearance of their clothes, I guess I can't go far wrong if I lay in a complete wardrobe for the girls."

O sons and brothers who grumble over Christmas shopping for mothers and sisters, you can never experience the zest with which Robert Allerton started upon his first Christmas shopping tour. It was the realization of the accumulated dreams of a dozen years. When other boys had dreamed of fame and tender romances that were to come into their lives, Robert had longed only to satisfy the heart hunger of many motherless, sisterless years.

It would be impossible to describe the raptures of the next day, when Robert Allerton let loose upon the unsuspecting Robbins' household a pent-up Christmas enthusiasm of years. "For 24 hours I'm going to abandon myself to the pleasant fancy that I, like others, am the center of a home circle; for one Christmas day I'll have my Christmas rights."

It was in the twilight of the Christmas day, as Robert sat holding Nannie in his arms, telling her for the seventh time the wonderful story of Saint Nick, that the child drew his head down to her lips and whispered: "Janie says you're only a Christmas-day brother. It isn't so, is it? You're an all-the-year-round brother, aren't you?"

He satisfied the little one with a caress.

A little later when Mother Robbins bade him a motherly good-by, she said:

"You've been so generous in your gifts, dear boy, and made the little ones so happy, and I've nothing to give you in return but the love I've been saving all these 17 years for my own dear boy, who needs it no more. I thought to lavish it on him in his young manhood, but the Lord knew better. It's ready and waiting for such another brave, true son."

"Perhaps, after all, this is more a universe of law and order than I had imagined," said Robert, as he looked up at the Christmas stars shining steadily in their appointed places. "It was surely something more than mere chance that brought me with my longing for a mother to the one dear little woman who most needed a son."—Union Signal.

I'm waitin' fer th' holidays: somehow it seems ter me
They's lots more joy in Christmas now 'an whut they used ter be:
Th' sunshine seems lots brighter, th' skies a deeper blue
Than any o' th' Christmuses 'at us old fellers knew
When we wuz harum scarum kids, an' laid awake all night,
An' went tiptoein' down th' hall afore it skerce was light,
An' ketched poor dad a-ramblin' round an' lookin' almost froze,
A-paddlin' bar-foot across the floor an' wigglin' of his toes.

Now standin' stork-like with one foot raised off th' cold, cold floor,
An' lookin' fer the whiskers 'at he wore th' year before,
So's he could play at Santa Claus an' fool us fellers. My!
How us kids sneaked back a-sniggerin' till we was like ter die!
An' crawled back inter bed ag'in, a-waitin' fer th' yells,
The "Whoa! now! you ol' reindeers!" an' janglin' o' the' bells
'At told us all was ready: an' nuts, an' cake an' things
Riz up afore our vision, till we went down stairs on wings!

An' dad, he looked so happy, an' mother smilin' so—
My! but they was a happy pair! Them days we didn't know
What Christmas day could mean ter them, but now I guess we do,
Since we've got youngsters o' our own, ol' feller, me an' you:
An' so th' world's lots brighter now: they's somethin' in th' shine
O' eyes a-lookin' in your face, an' eyes 'at look in mine,
An' in our hearts th' kind o' love 'at makes a feller glad!
Till we're as happy now, I guess, as mother was, an' dad.

Houston Post.

R. H. BROWN

DRESSING THE TREE.

How It May Be Done to Secure the Best Effects.

The Woman's Home Companion gives some hints on decorating a Christmas tree safely. It is well known that when tapers are fixed to the laden branches, after the gifts are taken off the lightened boughs spring up and often set each other on fire. The mode indicated here avoids all that.

"First," says the Companion, "thin out the branches sufficiently to allow the gifts to show to good advantage. Then with an auger bore holes in a spiral row about four or five inches apart the whole length of the trunk. Have some flat sticks prepared, an inch wide and half an inch thick, and of varying lengths. Sharpen one end, and insert them according to their graduated lengths, giving each a blow or two with a hammer to insure its being firmly fixed. Paint them green. At the outer end the candle holder is firmly fixed."

To the topmost branch before the tree is put up, affix the "Christ-child"—the winged doll, secured by slight rubber bands under the wings. Gilt paper stars and crescents are pretty, affixed here and there to the boughs. Gay silk and tarleton bags full of nuts and candy, oranges and apples, bundles of stick candy tied with ribbons, little baskets and cornucopias of figs and raisins, gilded walnuts, popcorn balls, strings of popcorn and cranberries, candy canes, paper chains—all these and other things they will suggest will decorate a tree so prettily that the children for whose pleasure it is constructed will forget, in their delight, that it is not weighted down with costly gifts.

Christmas Etiquette.

No holiday joy can be complete to those who have not tried to make other hearts happier. This is Christmas etiquette.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Sweets of Christmas Time.

While children's hearts with gladness glow
At happy Christmas time,
And elders eager int'rest show
As when in early prime.
Not all the sweets for these are sent
On that thrice-blessed day--
King Cupid in the merriment
With Santa Claus holds sway.

FRANK B. WELCH.

FREDDY'S PRESENTS.

Those He Received Were Always of the Useful Kind.

The following short story, says Youth's Companion, will excite various emotions. Some readers will laugh at it; others will be indignant; and every boy that reads it will be glad his name is not Freddy Keedick.

"I think I shall have to get a Christmas present for little Freddy Keedick," said Mrs. Dillingham to her husband one evening early in December.

"Don't you think you have enough little nephews and nieces to provide for in that way?" asked Mr. Dillingham.

"We have enough, that's true, but Mrs. Keedick was so very kind when Nellie was sick in the summer, that I feel somewhat under obligation to her."

"Then I would get Freddy a Christmas present, by all means. What do you suppose would be suitable?"

"I have not been able to make up my mind as to that. What do you think?"

"Oh, don't ask me!"

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillingham. "I'll make a call on Mrs. Keedick this afternoon, and try to find out what sort of a present would be acceptable to Freddy."

In pursuance of this resolve, Mrs. Dillingham was shown into Mrs. Keedick's parlor on the afternoon of the next day, and after a few preliminary exchanges of opinion on unimportant matters, the conversation was led around to Christmas by the caller.

"I suppose Freddy receives quite a number of gifts each Christmas," said she.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Keedick. "He has a few relatives who always remember him, but really the presents we appreciate the most are those his papa and I give him."

"That is because you know what pleases him best," said Mrs. Dillingham.

"Yes, that's it. I haven't much patience with the toys that his Uncle Henry and his Aunt Polly bring."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I prefer something useful! Now that French clock on the mantel there has given me more satisfaction than any other present Freddy has ever received at Christmas."

"Was that a Christmas present to Freddy?" asked Mrs. Dillingham, in surprise.

"Yes. We needed a clock in this room, and I told Mr. Keedick that as we had to get Freddy a Christmas present we might as well buy him a clock."

"Does Freddy like it?"

"Well, he doesn't exactly go into raptures over it, but I find it very useful indeed. Then Freddy has plenty of trash given to him at Christmas, so that it really doesn't matter. Then I like him to have useful things, you know. That writing-desk there was another Christmas present to Freddy."

"But that is a lady's writing-desk."

"I know it is. You see I had decided that he ought to have a writing-desk because it would be so useful, but when I went to buy it, I could not find a desk suitable for a small boy. However, I saw that lovely lady's desk for sale at a bargain, and I thought it would be sinful to lose the opportunity of getting it for Freddy, as I had gone out for the very purpose of buying him a desk."

"I see," replied Mrs. Dillingham.

"Then those lovely vases in the parlor, which you have admired so often, are also some of Freddy's Christmas presents. The way we happened to get them was this: Mr. Keedick could not think of anything useful to buy for Freddy last Christmas, and I happened to think of those vases, which I had seen at such a very reasonable price in a store down town. The parlor was so bare of ornaments that we needed them very badly, and so I went straight out and bought them for Freddy."

Mrs. Dillingham rose to go, and as Mrs. Keedick followed her caller to the door, she continued to explain how much more sensible it was to give children useful presents rather than gimcracks, which are broken in a week or two.

Mrs. Dillingham went home, and surprised her husband with the announcement that she had decided to give Freddy Keedick a handsome sofa-pillow for Christmas.

The Birds' Christmas.

In Norway, the cold northern land, the kind-hearted people wish to have every creature rejoice at the glad Christmas season, and they think of the dear little birds; so there is always a sheaf of wheat fastened high on a pole in every farmyard, that the birds may enjoy a good dinner of grain, and the little Norwegian children are Santa Claus' helpers, when they help to bring Christmas to the birds.—Detroit Free Press.

THE MAN WHO SWORE OFF.

He Is Deserving of Respect and Encouragement.

The world, if it knows its business, will doff its hat to the man who swore off New Year's day. Notwithstanding the guffaws of the crowd at the bar when they hear about it, that man, says the Chicago Daily News, is worthy of respect and encouragement. Having the desire to mend his ways, he has braved the jests of his associates, the sneers of those whose unworthy methods he hopes to forsake, and the curious glances of casual acquaintances, in order to exercise his will in resisting evil habits. His militant manhood is worthy of praise. So, for your own sake as well as for his, do not laugh or sneer at him or take a patronizing attitude toward him because of your well-known and unassailable virtue. Express confidence in him and help him to stick to his good intentions.

Why should not one resolve to forsake one's bad habits on the first day of the year? Why should not one resolve to forsake them on any other day? Having made the resolve and entered upon the effort necessary to carry it out, why should one be the subject of jests, since there is nothing foolish nor dishonorable in trying to improve one's methods of life? If the school of experience teaches valuable lessons, as every one knows it does, why should not one profit by these lessons? Habit is mainly a relic of youth and ignorance, so far as it is not formed on good models or by the firm hands of wise elders. To improve one's habits from year to year is the valuable privilege of the man or the woman who has been learning lessons in the world's academy of hard knocks. To take no advantage of those lessons is to write one's self down a fool. Pity, therefore, the man or the woman who never swears off.

ETIQUETTE.

Mrs. Saurs (suspiciously) — Well, now, what do you want?

George de Gent—Nuthin', lady, nuthin'! Dis is jus' me New Year's call.—Chicago Daily News.

Good-By, Old Year.

The minutes are flying, the Old Year is dying,
The time will soon come when the old clock will chime,
When the year, bent and gray, will pass quickly away,
And the New Year will come in the footprints of time.

Old Year, you will go as you came, in the snow;
For that emblem of childhood is waiting for all;
And when in old age you will pass from life's stage,
The snowflakes will cover the place where you fall.

For many you hold what is dearer than gold;
We will never forget you, although you have fled.
For the New Year is here, and so good-by, Old Year;
We will number you now with the years that are dead.

—Marguerite M. Hillery (age 14), in St. Nicholas.

Those New Year Resolutions.

Meadowbrook—How fine this world would be if we should all keep the good resolutions we make on New Year's day, instead of breaking them all within a week.

Hempstead—Yes! I guess the few days after New Year's, each year, will be about as near as we will ever get to the millennium.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Time of Peril.

Clarissa—I'm always glad when New Year's day is safely over.

Fidelia—Yes; it is a saddening anniversary.

Clarissa—Oh, I don't mean that. Clarence and I always have a horrid quarrel suggesting improvements in each other's conduct.—Detroit Free Press.

Good Morrow to the New Year
Good morrow, friend! Good morrow, foe!
Which ye may prove, no man doth know
Whether ye come with smile to bless,
Or whip to scourge, no man can guess.
Good morrow, foe! Good morrow, friend!
Our paths are one, as on we wend,
Then, friend or foe, for joy or sorrow,
My stout heart bids ye kind good morrow.
Madeline Bridges.

I LEAN back in my arm-chair as the snow-flakes soft and white
Clothe the hilltops and the valleys in habiliments of white,
While the cutting winds of winter send their music far and wide,
Disputing with the mellow bells the joys of Christmas-tide;
I seem to catch the echoes of the songs they sing on high,
Beyond the mystic beauty of December's vaulted sky,
And again is told the story of the Christ-child's humble birth,
As I sit and, eager, listen by the dear old Christmas hearth.

THERE 's music in the steeples, there are chimes deep in the dells,
And the wild winds mingle gladly with the holy Christmas bells,
And I look beyond the window on the beauty of the snow,
Recalling some sweet Christmases in life's fair "long ago;"
What scenes come floating back along the winding ways of Time,
Like the fragrance of the flowers of an ever-cherished clime;
Till my chamber fills with faces and I hear the sounds of mirth
That brighten with infectious glee the happy Christmas hearth.

I SEE six little stockings hanging in a pretty row,
We hung them round this cherished hearth one twilight long ago,
And we laughed and nestled closer 'neath the old roof-tree of home,
And hardly slept for watching for old Santa Claus to come;
I remember, ah! who does not? how the sunny Christmas morn
Revealed the wealth of treasure from the doll to drum and horn—
How the house was filled with laughter till it seemed to shake the earth,
While brighter glowed the fire upon the old Christmas hearth.

TO-DAY there seems to come to me across the fleecy snow
The beauty and the glory of that Christmas long ago,
When shepherds watched their gentle flocks upon the hills afar,
In the heaven-tinted splendor of the East's transcendent star;
I see a mother bend above a matchless cherub face,
And a radiance not earthly drives the shadows from the place;
Till Judea wakes to glory and new beauty crowns the earth,
And the choristers of Heaven sing about my Christmas hearth.

OLD Time seems in his dotage and upon his tresses white
Lie the snowflakes of a Christmas that has filled me with delight;
Far and wide the bells are ringing, and their music, glad and free,
Tells the story of His coming on the land and on the sea;
And mingled with their anthems is that chorus all divine
That filled a mother's heart with joy one night in Palestine;
And I bow my head a moment as the children check their mirth,
And silence comes to sanctify the dear old Christmas hearth.

I BLESS the glorious dawning of this queenly winter day,
It brings to all a gladness from a region far away,
And while the bells are ringing over all this beauteous earth
I bless the loves that cluster round the dear old Christmas hearth.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

E. M. BROWN.

A Christmas Comedy of Errors

By ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

"THERE, now, we are all ready for Christmas," said Mrs. Slickerby, as she climbed stiffly down from the chair on which she had been standing to deck the chandelier with holly. "How surprised Josiah will be when he comes in, cold and tired, to find the place looking so like holiday times. I declare, I have a good

"It's Your New Set of Furs!"

mind to make a fire in the stove just to please him; he kept asking for it so long—though, come to think of it, he hasn't mentioned it lately, though I always told him it only made a dirt for me to clean up and the furnace heated the whole place anyhow. He said his mother used to have a nice fire in the stove when they came in evenings. Of course, she did; his mother never saw a furnace in her life, and wouldn't have known it from a telephone if she had." She paused, with her hands on her hips, to admire the result of her labors. "Yes, I guess I will light a fire in that stove, anyhow, it will serve as a text for more remarks about the cold and a few more hints as to how I do need a new set of furs this Christmas. Josiah is a good man, but he is as close when it comes to a question of money as a potato is to its skin."

She was bustling about as she talked, making her preparations to light a fire in the brilliantly polished stove. "There, I declare," she cried, as she opened the door, "if Josiah hasn't got this stove all filled up with papers and trash, after all my talking; it does seem as if you can't teach a man to be careful about a house any more than you can teach a hen to play checkers! Never mind, I'll just lay my kindlings on top of the trash and not scold—Christmas is not the time for scolding, anyhow—though when you've got to live with a man it's best to take every opportunity to teach him what's right."

As the fire began to crackle cheerfully, she left it and went over to the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner, reached carefully to the top shelf and took down a bundle.

"I'll just take a last peep at Josiah's present," she said. "I tell you, there was a lot of work in the knitting of that afghan, and if he doesn't give me those furs he'll feel a good deal ashamed every time he puts it over his knees in the buggy this winter—and the furs are not in the house, I know that, for I've been over every square inch of it in hopes I'd find he'd hidden 'em somewhere." She had unfolded a wonderful combination of colors in wool which would have made Joseph's coat a somber garment by comparison, and looked at it with great admiration. Then she carefully replaced it. "I don't know as it's just necessary to keep it away up there—he wouldn't see it if it was right under his nose. Dear me, I certainly smell something burning. I wonder if it can be my cake in the oven, I had almost forgotten it, with all these other things on my mind."

"There comes Josiah now!" she cried ten minutes later, as she heard the door of the sitting room open. "I'll stay out here and see what he does. Well, surely he must be pleased with the decorations and the fire in the stove. It sounds as if he was doing a jig all over the room—and him a professing Christian, too!"

Five minutes later later she opened the sitting room door and stood transfixed on the threshold. "Why, Josiah Slickerby, what on earth is the matter?" she shrieked. "You are as black as a sweep and your beard is all singed, and what is that awful smell in here, and w-what is that you have in your hand?"

"It's your new set of furs, that's what it is," retorted Josiah, grimly, "a good set of furs that cost a lot of money, too, and looking like a cat that had been sitting on a can of firecrackers when they went off!"

"But how on earth could—"

"I had hid 'em in the stove, that's how! you said you'd never make another fire in it now we've got a furnace, and I hid 'em in it, so's I could surprise you for Christmas!"

"Well, goodness knows, you have surprised me!"

"Yes, and when I came into this room it was all full of smoke, and flames were bursting out of the stove door, it was so full, and if I hadn't kept my presence of mind and hunted out that old thing to smother the flames with, the whole place might have been burned!" And he held up the afghan, which was scarcely in better condition than the furs!

IT CAN BE DONE WITHOUT.

Capt. Makelove—But surely you don't object to go under the mistletoe, Miss Goit?

Miss Goit—Oh, yes, I do. Why bother about the mistletoe?

The Height of Delicacy.

Clara—Mabel is so thoughtful about her Christmas presents.

Belle—In what way, dear?

Clara—Always leaves the price tag on so as to save me a trip down town to find it.—Bridge Life.

A Whole Dinner wid Mashed Potatoes

By JESSIE LLEWELLYN.

THE holiday rush kept us late, and although thoroughly tired in mind and body I felt no relief upon being free to leave the crowded store and return to my cheap boarding house. Slowly I made my way among chattering clerks, comfortable matrons and fashionable young women to the rear exit. I was horribly conscious of my frayed jacket, and the lean leather chatelaine at my side.

"Christmas!" I smiled bitterly.

"Serves you right for not staying married," I could hear the last harsh words of my maiden aunt as I left the sleepy village to seek independence and self-respect.

"Other women?" rang the voice, "well, men will be men; he makes a good living for you, don't he?"

I heard the key turn in the great store door, but still I remained on the step, staring out at the lights tearfully reflect-

"Please, Mum, Gimme a Nickel?"

ed in the wet pavement, when there came, from somewhere below my waist line, a small whine.

"Please, mum, gimme a nickel?"

I looked down and beheld the smallest, dirtiest, most forsaken little woman I had ever seen. She could have been no more than seven, but there was endless weather tales in the hollows of her cheeks, and the over-bright black eyes bespoke knowledge of filth and starvation and wretchedness.

"Er a penny," she whined.

I was half interested. A thought beyond myself—and him—was welcome.

"Please, mum—" she began again.

There were just six cents in my pocket, for I had deposited my last dollar with the boarding-housekeeper in case the laundryman should call in my absence.

Notwithstanding the child's hardened little face there was an expression about her wide mouth that attracted me. It was almost motherly in its maturity. Laying the nickel and the penny side by side in my hand, I said:

"It is all I have. If you take the nickel I shall have to walk home, but if it is the penny you choose I may ride, and I am very tired."

She shot an impudent, inquisitive glance at me.

"Where d'youse live?" she asked.

Mechanically I repeated my street number.

"Ten blocks!" she scornfully replied. "Dat's easy!" and swiftly grabbing the nickel she darted around the corner.

The next day was Christmas, and I did not go down to breakfast, but lunched off soda crackers and some stale candy in my room.

"Christmas! Christmas!" I repeated the words to haunting memories, and I am afraid I cried a little.

Some one tapped at my door.

"Come in," I called in quite a matter of fact tone. The door opened timidly, and there on the threshold stood no other than my little beggar of the night before.

She was much embarrassed, but before I could welcome her one dirty paw shot out suddenly like her quick glances, and in the begrimed little palm lay my nickel.

"I bringed it back," she stammered, "'cause—'cause—"

"Because?" I suggested, smiling.

"Jest 'cause I—I piped youse off as kind o' on youse uppers youse own self, and I ain't seemed t' sleep sound—"

She got no further—this dirty, sinful, little waif, for I had gathered her up in my arms and was holding her very tight. Some one cared! On that desolate Christmas some one actually cared!

"Little woman," I said presently, lapsing into the language of him who was constantly in my thoughts, "there is one dollar coming to me, all on account of a derelict laundryman. What would you rather have than anything else that a dollar can buy?"

"Has youse got de dough, sure 'nough?" I nodded.

Instantly she answered me: "Say, what 'ud a whole dinner cost, wid mashed potatoes fer both of usens?"

We must have made a comical picture, my new friend and I, as we entered the quiet, down-town restaurant. There was just one other person seated there on this Christmas day—a man over in the shadow of the corner.

The child had scrambled into a chair indicated by the head waiter, and I was about to take my place opposite, when the man in the corner suddenly arose.

I cannot, even now, remember how it all happened. Confusedly I saw the youngster's eyes grow round with wonder, and the head waiter stifled an exclamatory oath, for I, there in the public restaurant, I was in that stranger's arms. And this I remember distinctly—the man's most manly words:

"Forgive me, little woman, for not finding you sooner. I have been scouring the land for you. Not a word, not a word of it all was truth, and if I had that cackling old maid aunt—"

A voice interrupted him. It was the youngster's:

"Say, miss, dat guy is on de square—honest—I kin tell."

And bless her little heart, she did tell the truth.

A CHRISTMAS HOLD-UP

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

"WHAT about getting through to-night, driver?"

"It's all right, I guess. Drifting some on the Little Cimarron, but that won't do much damage."

"It's 30 miles."

"Well, that ain't much. This team's good for it. Goin' to start right off, ma'am?"

The anxious traveler returned to the fire in the uninviting office of the Mid-Continental hotel. She was brown-haired, cheery-faced, and evidently accustomed to looking out for herself. She was bound for the Indian school at the other end of the stage line—a position awaited her.

"All aboard!" called the driver, and the passengers hurried into the three-seated carryall that served for a stage. The woman sat beside John Carlin, the owner of Circle Bar ranche. He tucked the robes around her and remarked: "Mighty poor day for a pleasure ride."

"Slightly," remarked his seat-mate, smiling, "and you know what day it is?"

"Yes, and we are likely to run over into Christmas, for the roads may keep us out until after midnight, ma'am."

"Call me Miss Macon—I'm the new instructor."

"Better be prepared for whatever happens, Miss Macon; this is a tough stretch of country across the territory."

"Are the Indians bad?" Her eyes grew big and wondering.

"Whites are a blamed sight worse than redskins. We can handle Indians."

"But some good men go west—very good men!" The eyes grew softer as she recalled a memory of the days back east.

"Yes; but, blame 'em, they don't stay so."

The eyes flashed and she looked out over the broad prairie, stretching away in patches of brown and white to the far horizon. Nor did she renew the conversation, and the handsome ranchman was sorry.

The day wore on. They stopped at a cabin for lunch. They climbed long slopes and toiled through sandy wastes where in springtime would be rushing rivers. They rattled down the declivities of ravines and more than once the weary horses were stalled in the drifts that had been heaped among the dead sunflowers and ragweeds in the draws. It was a tiresome, cheerless journey, and the five passengers kept mostly their own impressions of its discomforts.

In the late afternoon Miss Macon broke the silence, taking up the thread of the morning's discussion: "An old friend of

"What About Getting Through Tonight?"

mine is in the west—he was a daring fellow, but a brave one."

"Then he is fitted for the west. Such men are its pride—if they have the right ways." He added the afterthought and noticed that she started and studied him keenly, as if to be certain that he meant nothing of direct application. "There is more than one kind of bravery," he went on, more to keep up the conversation than because the thought was original.

She did not answer, and the stage hurried on through the gathering darkness. Once there was a coyote yell in the distance, and Carlin felt a glow of satisfaction as the graceful form beside him leaned closer to his ulster, as if for protection.

Suddenly, as they went rattling down a slope, the horses on the canter, the dead sunflowers standing on either side of the road like sentinels, there was a shot fired and a cry of "Halt!" They halted.

Then happened what usually happens when a masked group assaults the stage, and in a short time the five passengers and the driver were standing in a lonesome row in the struggling moonlight.

"Hands up!" and their arms were extended toward the stars. Miss Macon, even in her terror, noticed that the constellation of Orion was nearly overhead. And then the chief of the robbers came to her side.

"Quick, ma'am, what have you got?"

Something in the tone aroused her and she looked anxiously into the half-masked face of the handsome frontiersman who bent toward her. "In New England men

"Well, It Ain't Right."

treat women with more courtesy," she retorted.

"You're from New England? What are you doing out here?"

"I'm going to the agency—I'm Miss Macon, the new—"

The man stepped back as if he had been struck by a mailed hand. He motioned to his confederates to join him, but they did not see his signal. With a quick action of impatience he swung his arm across his face and the mask was for an instant displaced. Only for an instant, but it was time for the bright moonlight to fall on his clean-shaven features and for the woman gazing intently at him to realize that this was for her a time of fate.

She gathered herself together with an effort that was worthy of a better cause, and stepping closer to the bandit whispered one word. He, startled, trembled and obeyed her swift instructions to step behind the wagon, leaving the others to guard the four remaining passengers.

"Oh, Frank, how could you?" she demanded, reaching up to the strong face and lifting the mask. It was one she knew so well in the old days.

"Well, it ain't right," he admitted, shame-facedly. "But who cares?"

"I care—everybody cares—your poor old mother sitting alone in the little farmhouse at Danvers, cares. You don't know how much she cares—and Anna cares!"

The man brushed his arm across his face as if his eyes hurt him. "Yes, I suppose it's so. But things got mighty tough—I had to do something. It's the first time. What can I do now?"

"Go home, Frank," went on the woman's low voice. "Go home to your mother, and help her run the farm. Be a man again."

"And Anna—your sister?"

"Frank, she has grieved for you all this time—she wants you now."

"But," bitterly, "you will tell her about—about—this?"

"I will do this, Frank. I will give you two years to prove yourself. If you are sincere, the secret will be yours and mine. If you do not, I will tell them of to-night and of—"

She turned toward the group they had left in the moonlight beyond the wagon. His eyes followed hers and grew large as he saw the transformation that had taken place.

"Hands up!" Carlin's cool voice gave the order, and his revolver was pointed at them. The other robbers had fled. The chief was alone.

The girl, heedless of the summons, lifted the mask to hide the face of the man beside her and then stepped in front of him. Carlin lowered his gun. "Get out of the way," he called. "He'll escape!"

"No, he won't escape," was the calm reply—"not now. I will speak for him. Where are the others?"

"Gone. We told them the chief had skipped and they were scared. They took all our things with 'em, though."

"You must begin now," said the girl, turning to the chief. "Understand?"

He bowed his head. "I'll do it," he whispered, "honor bright."

"Go," she ordered, and, facing the puzzled ranchman, held both his hands until the other had vanished in the sunflower stalks. Carlin glowed under the girl's touch, and obeyed.

"Do you belong to this—company?" he asked, a little bitterly, as she loosed his arms, now that it was too late.

"No, but you remember what you said a little while ago, 'there is more than one kind of bravery?'"

A shrill whistle sounded off to the right and suddenly stood before them the quartette so recently deported. The passengers were covered by their revolvers and they were at the bandits' mercy once more.

But the masked chief stepped forward, holding in his hand Carlin's watch and pocketbook; he gave to the others their belongings—their watches, jewelry and revolvers—Carlin was the only one who had hidden his gun.

It was all done so silently and quickly that the stageload could scarcely understand what was happening.

When the last trinket had been distributed the masked chief bowed low. His fine mouth just showing beneath the fringe of black curled a little—whether in fun or contempt none could tell.

"Merry Christmas! I am Santa Claus!" He bowed again, stepped back, bent his eyes on Miss Macon—and the strangers had departed.

The passengers, looking down at their watches, read the time—it was past midnight—Christmas morning.

The stage reached the end of its journey six hours late. Before it arrived Carlin had asked permission to call on Miss Macon and discuss the strange events of the ride. "I am not used to receiving gifts at that time of night," said he.

Though Carlin called and they talked over the night's happenings, she did not explain. There was a newspaper story of a crazy stage robber who gave back all he stole (you may have read it) and she did not correct that—not even when, a year later, Carlin made her his bride and claimed that he had received two Christmas presents from the chief.

Years afterward they visited New England, the guests of their brother-in-law, the mayor of Danvers. "Do you know," remarked Carlin, to his wife, "Frank has a fine mouth—it reminds me of some one I have seen somewhere."

She did not reply.

A Similar Experience.

Reeder (looking up from his newspaper)—Great Scott! Here is a yarn about a man who spent a night in a pit with a Bengal tiger. Just imagine how he must have suffered!

Hennypeck—I can easily do that—I know all about it. For two weeks before the holidays I was obliged to face the united demands of my wife and seven grown daughters for Christmas money.—Judge.

A Sight for the Gods.

The girl you'd give the world to win,
To show you how she holds you dear,
Now fondly ties beneath your chin
A necktie you can never wear.
—N. Y. World.

ADVANTAGE IN SIZE.

Tommy—Ain't you goin' to hang up your stocking, Nellie?

His Big Sister—No, Tommy. I'm too old.

Tommy—Yes, but the older one gets the more it will hold.

His Salutation.

She ne'er will speak to him,
This stupid youth so bland.
She stood beneath the mistletoe,
He merely shook her hand.
—Washington Star.

Great Expectations.

The Minister—Well, Willie, what do you expect Santa Claus is going to bring you this year?

Willie—Oh, a lot of things that ma needs around the house.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Couldn't Give Herself Away.

Charley Easyman—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christman present. What do you think of that?

Willie—Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last Christmas, and he gave her back to herself before Easter.—N. Y. Times.

$10,000 Display of Christmas Goods. Largest Stock We Ever Had.

FURS! FURS!

Our very large stock of Furs, comprising Martin, Nutria, imitation Tiger Hair, Isabella Fox, imitation Beaver, and many other varieties, ranging in price from $1.35 to $16.00, former prices $2.50 to $25.00. Also Fur Capes, ranging in price from $17.00 to $25.00. A bargain in these goods, which is the largest variety ever seen in this county. The time for bargains is now.

THE FAIR

EMPORIUM, PA.

H. A. ZARPS & Co.'S

WONDERLAND.

Coats and Capes for Ladies and Children.

Consisting of Monte Carlos and new Coats and Jackets, a popular style which combines some of the merits of both the long and short Jackets, made from the American Woolen Mills Kersey, in all desirable shades with velvet corded collar and artistic design. Ranging in price from $3.75 to $30. Jaunty close fitting Jackets, all shades and made from the best English Kersey. Price now, $7.00 to $14. Desirable bargains these are.

Children's Coats, in all fashionable colors and shapes, from $2.00 to $8.00. This is the greatest line of bargains for the little ones we ever had.

LEADERS IN HOLIDAY TRADE

TAILORED SUITS.

The beautiful Ladies' tailor-made suits in Broadcloth, Vinetians, Cheviots and Basket Cloth. New shapes and the very latest. We will rush them through at bargain prices to reduce stock—$6.75 to $25.00.

Tailor made skirts that fit and are stylish. Also a few popular walking skirts. Big bargains. We must close them out.

SILK AND WOOLEN.

We have a large variety of Silk and Woolen Dress Patterns; also Waist Patterns. A large variety of Silk, Flannel and Velvet Read-made Waists in all colors and styles. They are beauties and greatly admired. Prices, Silk patterns from $2.00 up. Woolens, $1.75 up. Ready-made Waists, $1.00 to $8.00.

SILVERWARE AND JEWELRY.

Full line of Silver Novelties, comprising Tea Sets, Ladles, Spoons, Knives, Bon-Bon Boxes, and hundreds of beautiful and desirable pieces of silver. In Jewelry we have everything to please. Diamond Rings, $50 to $200.00, if you want them.

Come and see our handsome assortment and get our prices, which are far below the ordinary on same quality goods.

CHINA AND GLASS.

We have the most beautiful as well as the largest stock of China and Glassware. Full sets and pieces by the hundreds, yes thousands. No larger assortment ever seen here or in this section of the state.

We pride ourselves on this variety. Bisque ornaments; Lamps, for the parlor or study.

GAMES AND TOYS.

It is simply out of the question to mention what we have in this department, as the public well knows, we always care for the wants of the little ones. No matter what you want in this line, we have it.

DOLLS! DOLLS! From 5c. to $18.00. Doll Land is full and overflowing. Beautiful line.

To Our Customers:

We have this year endeavored to present our customers with the largest as well as the most beautiful line of goods it has ever been our pleasure to purchase. That we have succeeded we fell our immense stock will testify. Every department has been carefully looked after and we feel that this year, this popular store will be more than ever appreciated. We have certainly endeavored to give you good and stylish as well as popular goods, at especially bargained prices.

Our patrons should call early.

H. A. ZARPS & Co.

PHONOGRAPHS!

We are sole agents for the sale of the Columbia Phonographs. Call and see them. The best in the market.

LADY AND GENTS DEPARTMENT.

Inthis department, we have this Xmas time, added all that our rooms will afford. In Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Fascinators and—well just call for anything—we have it. We have a very large line of Ladies and Childrens Golf Gloves, all colors. Full line of Kid Gloves for Ladies and Gents.

PICTURES AND ALBUMS

Beautiful display of pictures just opened, ranging in price from 25c to $10.00. We have something new in Albums. Fine goods for presents.

In our Novelty Department we have Sterling Silver Ebony Brushes, Ivory Finish, and Fancy Toilet Cases, Military Brushes, Combs, Looking Glasses Shaving Sets, Music Rolls.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

Our line of Books is very large. In addition to a full line of the standard works we carry a complete assortment of Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals. Especial pains taken to furnish the children with books.

DRAPERY AND TAPESTRY.

We have a very beautiful line of good goods, which must be seen to be appreciated. Some rare bargains in Bureau Scarfs, Embroidery and Open Work.

SILK UMBRELLAS. This line of goods, always makes a desirable Xmas gift. We have them in Pearl, Ivory, Gold, Silver and bone handles, for ladies or gents. Ranging in price from $1.75 to $10.

THE TWO SOLDIERS

By EDWIN L. SABIN

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It was a brilliant holiday store, the windows and the shelves and the cases ablaze with filigree and thronged with dolls and dishes and engines and trains and skates and sleds, and hobbyhorses that galloped, and cows that mooed, and mice that ran, and—and everything, absolutely everything, that ever enters the most rapturous Christmas dream.

In the center of the large show windows, fronting upon the gay street, stood two soldiers. They were by all odds the finest soldiers in the store, much superior to the personnel composing the different troops and regiments and companies stationed here and there along the aisles. The pair were made of tin, to be sure; but they were of heroic stature, eight inches tall, richly uniformed in black and yellow, and could be wound up so that they would present arms several times in succession.

The other soldiers, poor things, were compelled to remain the whole time at a "carry" or a "right shoulder" without relief.

Naturally these two soldiers were proud and of aspirations reaching beyond their present narrow quarters. They pined for a wider sphere. As they stood and stared with stern, fixed gaze through the plate glass into the gay street they talked together in toy language, and none, not even the most versatile linguists among the people passing and repassing, knew that they talked.

"OH, TO GET AWAY FROM THIS ETERNAL GUARD MOUNT!"

"Oh, to get away from this eternal guard mount over a lot of frippery!" sighed the one.

"With all my heart!" agreed the other. "The monotony is frightful."

"I'd give half my solder to receive orders to report to some little boy," continued the first. "Oh, for a change!"

"But the majority of little boys are so rough and careless," responded the second. "I understand they scratch you and bend you and otherwise maltreat you without cause, and soon you're done for. I prefer duty of a more quiet, instructive nature, where I may teach by means of my deportment rather than by violent action."

"Well, I should enjoy a hard drill and a tussle, I believe," asserted the first.

"Our organism is too fine for such active service, my lad," indulgently corrected the second. "What—scratches and dents? No, no. Give me a post of more elegance, where my uniform will be treated as it deserves."

* * * * * * *

Christmas day had been over and gone a month when after their separation the two soldiers again encountered one another, but this time in a great heap of rubbish at the city dump, where the dump man had unwittingly thrown them out.

"Hurrah! Hello, old chap!" exclaimed the first soldier delightedly.

"Hello!" returned the second, with rather more reserve. "Goodness! Been through the Seven Years' war?"

Well might he put this query. The other soldier was a perfect wreck. He had lost an arm and a foot, his head was sharply inclined forward upon his chest, he had only one eye, his body was twisted askew, his gun was broken, his cap was missing, his features were battered and distorted, and as for his uniform of black and yellow—there was hardly a spot of paint on him!

"I—I've been having my tussle," announced the first, with a cracked laugh. "But you—why, you evidently found just what you were looking for."

"Yes," explained the second, "I fell into an excellent post. It was the hands of a little boy, sure enough, but he wasn't allowed to hurt me. See, I haven't a mark on me." And he exhibited himself proudly.

True, he was still in dress parade condition.

"Thunder and Mars!" chuckled the first. "And look at me! Do you mean to say that you never were stepped on?"

"Oh, no," replied the second. "I didn't lie around on the floor. I was put away just as soon as he was done playing with me. His mother had made him a very orderly little boy."

"So you never stayed out all night in the hall or in the middle of the sitting room?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"And did he shoot at you with his rubber gun ever?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"And he didn't bite you to see how soft you were?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or drag you about among the chairs with a string?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or sick the terrier on you?"

"Never."

"Or take you to bed with him and roll on you?"

"Never. I was always placed on the shelf in the closet."

"Or kick you or whack you or throw you?"

"Never. Watch—I can present arms as well as ever."

"Or kiss you and hug you with all his might and cry for you when he was sick through eating too much candy?"

"Never. He used to forget me entirely for days and days. Did your boy really do all that to you?"

"Yes, all that and more," answered the battered soldier softly.

"And did he kiss you, you say?" asked the spick and span soldier a bit wistfully.

"Yes; he kicked me and he kissed me," laughed the first.

"And did you enjoy it?" pursued the second curiously.

"I had the time of my life," declared the other. "How did you find things—up to your expectations?"

The spick and span soldier hesitated; then he replied:

"Possibly. I can't complain. But—but somehow I grew dreadfully ennuied. I almost longed at times for more excitement, more energy. We got tired of one another. After a day or so we exhausted all our programme of proper exercises, and he was so cautious of wearing me out that I was laid aside, and—and, finally, here I am. I don't suppose he even knows that I'm gone."

"Dear me!" mused the other. "I'm glad my little boy was not like yours. Of course there are the knocks; but, oh, our companionship was sweet! I bet he's crying for me at this instant, poor chum! Still, it is as well that I am carted to the dump. I am old and disfigured and a back number, and I wanted to go before he would cease to miss me."

THE VETERANS MEET.

The spick and span soldier was silent.

"Hi, yi!" soliloquized the veteran, with a sigh and with a chuckle, stiffly rolling over on his back. "I'm past repairs, but it was sweet—aye, it was worth it! I—have—had—the—time—of—my—life."

And with his one eye he gazed through a chink in the debris up at the stars.

Felicitous.

Barber—How's the razor, sir?

Customer—Didn't know I was being shaved.

Barber (flattered)—Very glad, I'm sure, sir.

Customer—I thought I was being sandpapered.—London Pick-Me-Up.

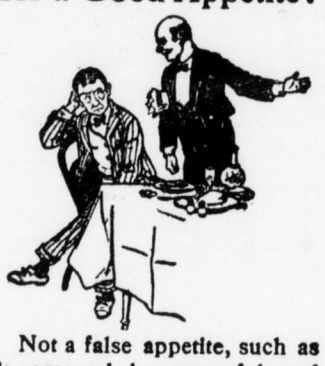
Changed From Her Former State.

"She's not as pensive as she was before you married her."

"No; she's expensive now."—Indianapolis News.

With the exception of the British parliament, the Swedish riksdag is the oldest of the existing legislative bodies.

What would you give for a Good Appetite?



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PLENTY of time should be given the artist if you expect an ARTISTIC PORTRAIT.

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Our Art Stock.

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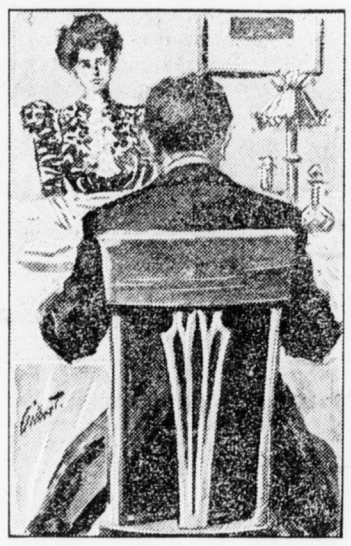
Two Resolutions That Failed

By ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

"YOU were going to give your husband a lovely surprise for New Year's; do tell me how it turned out!" said the bride's friend. "Did you carry out your intention?"

"I did, and I can safely say that I will never give him another surprise as long as I live. You see, he had resolved not to lose his temper or complain about anything about the house for the entire year. I was so pleased that I wanted to do something awfully nice in return. Finally, I decided to become a model housekeeper, and, by way of showing the depth of my resolve, I decided to cook his New Year's dinner myself."

"H'm, perhaps it was as well that he did resolve to keep his temper for an



"I've Resolved Not to Lose My Temper."

entire year. Fudge and angel's food are not very filling for a hungry man."

"Fudge and angel's food—the idea! I decided on a menu of six courses, and spent ten days in looking up the recipes for it and studying them. Unfortunately, the exertion made me so tired that I became mentally upset and was apt to confuse a recipe for Italian cream with one for creamed lobster, and they are very, very different. However, when New Year's day really came and Harry said that he must spend the greater part of it at the office going over his accounts I felt that success was sure."

"By the way, haven't you a good cook? And didn't you let her help and advise you?"

"She wanted to, but I told her that she needed a holiday and must take it while I got the dinner. She then confessed that she didn't want to go out because her beau was coming to see her and would be offended if she was out. I told her that made no difference; that what you did on New Year's day you did the year round and if she did not work on that day she would doubtless be married to a millionaire and living a life of luxurious idleness within six months."

"Humph. Did she go then?"

"She did. Then I set to work, and, oh, how I did work, but somehow nothing was—well, quite like the pictures in the household magazines. The odor of things burning, too, became so strong that the man from next door—a perfect stranger—came over to see if the house was on fire and if he could be of any use."

"Well, luckily, you could air the whole place thoroughly before Harry came home."

"I did. By noon I had cooked enough to feed a regiment—dinner was to be at three—but somehow it did not seem very appetizing, so I decided to have only four courses; that was a more economical dinner for a young couple anyhow. When Harry arrived, promptly at three, I was all ready and trying to look as if I felt cool and hide the two burned and one cut finger. I had decided that three courses were enough for anybody save a glutton, by that time."

"Well, I am sure that everything was very nice."

"It—well, it was not quite perfect; I had forgotten to stuff the chickens and I had put salt in the cranberries instead of sugar, but that was mere detail, for the table looked lovely with all my best linen, embroideries, silver, glass and china on it. As I wanted to surprise him thoroughly, I did not tell him that I had cooked it myself—I meant to tell him that at the very last."

"As a sort of postscript to the dessert. How nice!"

"M'hm. Well, though he had said he was wildly hungry, he did not eat—just played with things. He kept starting to speak, too, and then shutting his mouth tight without saying a word. Something was wrong with the coffee, though I had put in twice as much as the cook book said. As he set down his cup, well, rather more forcefully than was quite necessary, he said: 'Well, dear, it is New Year's day, and I have resolved not to lose my temper for an entire year, but I must say one thing: the girl who cooked that dinner must be dismissed before to-morrow's sun is up. A woman who would give a hungry man underdone chicken, overdone potatoes and asbestos pie, would be capable of murdering us in our beds!'"

"Oh, well, you need never tell him that you cooked that dinner."

"I didn't tell him, but he undertook to discharge the cook, and she did!"

TURNING A NEW LEAF

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

MRS. MARCIA BERRIE had been mistress of the Shelly Farms for only a few short months; but long enough, after all, for every one in the neighborhood to have an opinion of John Berrie's second wife.

She dressed finer than his first wife did—most second wives do—she spent more hours at the piano, and seemed several degrees more aristocratic than the first Mrs Berrie.

It was an honored custom, reaching back to the stouter branches of the ancestral tree, for the owner of the Farms to give a New Year's dinner to the countryside; and each guest was invited to come and "turn a new leaf for yearly luck."

Of course, it was the "firsts," and not the "seconds" or "thirds," as the shippers say, who enjoyed these annual feasts and, usually, they began several weeks before to plan "what to wear." This year it seemed a necessity to be a little more particular about the cut of gowns and width of trimmings, for the new Mrs. Berrie was a lady of means in her own right, and dressed elaborately.

"We must make an impression," said Mrs. Wilton, decisively, "and she must feel that our presence is an honor to the Farms. I intend to have a new silk; a regular dinner party dress."

And so the "firsts" planned to surpass all former efforts, for the sake of profound impression; therefore, by the middle of December a score of lovely new gowns were the pride of as many ambitious feminine owners.

The mistress of Shelly Farms was affable and gracious to all, and the tony "firsts" were just dying to display their rich costumes in her honor. But for some unaccountable reason the invitations were tardy.

Could it be possible that the second wife was one of those new women, who would, at one fell swoop, eliminate the annual dinner? And would John Berrie stand that?

In sheer desperation of suspense, Mrs. Goldwaite was delegated to call at the Farms, ostensibly to speak of a philanthropic movement, but really to scent the New Year festivities and overdue cards.

Mrs. Berrie received her visitor very courteously and pleasantly, and supported the philanthropic idea enthusiastically, even graciously accepting the presidency of the society when they should organize. But when the conversation drifted into holiday news the caller could not, by any tact, draw out the bride's plans concerning New Year's day. Exasperated, Mrs. Goldwaite suddenly let go skirmishing and asked her, point blank, "if the Farms would give annual dinner this year?"

"O, certainly," answered the new wife, her face lighting up with pleasure, "husband and I have been planning for that some time. The invitations are late, but Mr. Berrie could not help me until to-day, and, of course, I am not well enough acquainted to get the names alone. We shall send them this week, however, and

"How About Your Annual Dinner?"

I shall enjoy the 'new leaf turning' with my neighbors exceedingly."

This information was what Mrs. Goldwaite had talked philanthropy for two full hours for, and she took her leave, feeling that she was a heroine of the first water. But Mrs. Berrie accompanied her caller to the front gate in her eagerness to talk more about the "movement." "It is to elevate the toilers, I understand," she said, "and to get in touch with our poorer neighbors?"

"Y-e-s," answered Mrs. Goldwaite, hesitating to break up her luxurious New Year's dream by bumping against the intrusive fact that washwomen and ditch diggers occupied the same planet together with the "firsts."

"Yes," she repeated, "and when we organize you will accept the presidency?" and she got up an interested look, almost as good as the genuine.

"Certainly," was the reply. "I thank you for the honor," and Mrs. John Berrie pressed the caller's hand fervently.

The delegate was not very favorably influenced with the young wife's enthusiasm over the question, and the pressure of her hand chilled, rather than thrilled, her festive heart.

But one consoling thought ran through it all: they never would "organize." It was only a subterfuge to nose out something more substantial.

Mrs. Goldwaite tripped along to the turning, where she met Mrs. Wilton, who reined in her ponies to ask breathlessly: "Did you find out?"

"To be sure; it takes me to find out," and she tossed her head in triumph. "They will have the dinner as usual. But Mrs. Berrie, not being acquainted, could not write the invitations alone; and Mr. Berrie could not help her until to-day."

"O, yes!" cried Mrs. Wilton, "that accounts for it all. Well, we are ready and will be delighted to help turn the new leaf this year, because of the sweet hostess."

"She was wonderfully elated, though, over the philanthropic work," and Mrs. Goldwaite rolled up her eyes in mock seriousness. Both ladies giggled and clapped their hands, immensely amused at the adroitness of their "feint" and its success.

The expectant "firsts" were all agog for a few days, looking for invitations; but, strange to say, not one of them received the familiar square envelope with the Berrie coat-of-arms in the corner, and things were once more fast assuming the mysterious.

But everything was made exceedingly plain, finally, by the buxom Mrs. Meigs, washer-woman for a trio of the immaculate set.

"And it's me and mine who are goin' to have a fine dinner on New Year's day!"

"Naw, Yer Away Off!"

she boasted to Mrs. Wilton on the next Monday morning, as she ran her broad hand through the steaming suds.

"Some one going to send you a nice basket?" quiered Mrs. Wilton, thinking at once of the benevolent president to be.

"Naw! yer away off!" laughed the woman of labor. "We've an invitation to the New Year's dinner at Shelly Farms; got it in a fine cover with the Berrie army coat blazed onto the corner of it."

"Why Mrs. Malinda Meigs!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Wilton, "you are not joking me?"

"No, ma'am, I'm not," giving the handle of the wringer an emphatic yank; "it's the Bible truth. And I was so tickled at what she writ onto the gold-aiged card, she sent me."

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Wilton, desperately, the awfulness of a philanthropic "movement" gripping her heart-strings.

"Why, she writ that 'she and her husband would turn the new leaf themselves this time and invite the worthy poor to dine with them on New Year's day.' And now," dropping her voice to one of pleasant interrogative, "where be you agoin' to dine, New Year's, ma'am?"

"I hardly know yet," answered Mrs. Wilton, truthfully; then she fled to the closet and studied the fine, new dinner dress, with conflicting thoughts.

For a young chit from college to come lording it into their midst and make such unheard of snubbing plans in her endeavor to appear peculiar, was simply outrageous! The Shelly Farms' new leaf was perfectly abominable! Something would have to be done to offset this disgusting philanthropy.

By four o'clock that afternoon Mrs. Wilton had made the rounds of the insulted elite of the countryside; and a swell dinner-party had been arranged for, at Mrs. Goldwaite's, for three solid reasons. First, to air their new toilettes; second, to soothe one another in their common grievance, and third, the Goldwaite cottage was so situated that they could easily see the coarse tide of the "seconds"—and possibly the "thirds"—flow to the farms.

Punctually at the appointed time the outraged upper current gathered at the appointed place to see the outrageous under current set toward the philanthropic president.

By three o'clock all the indigent but respectable people of the neighborhood had gone by in their Sunday best.

"Onions and sauerkraut!" drawled Mr. Wilton, as a German family passed on foot.

"Our white necktie brigade," commented another "first," as the pastor of a poor church, a mile away, and the superintendent of its Sunday school, together with a dozen scholars, went by in a double sleigh. And the "firsts" rustled their silks and smiled in aristocratic contempt.

Before the Goldwaite party broke up, however, a messenger from the Farms bowed himself into their midst and out again, leaving the hostess looking suspiciously at a message in her hand, with "the army coat blazed onto the corner," as Mrs. Meigs would have said. She glanced timidly around the expectant circle and finally drew forth a daintily perfumed note and read:

"A very happy New Year to all! It has occurred to us, dear people, that you may not have comprehended our motive in bidding our guests for the day. As we all are interested in philanthropic work, we will be understood when we say, the new leaf we turned is very timely and beautiful, and has made many hearts happy. Husband and I turned the leaf suggested by Luke, the beloved physician. We knew you were all well able to return the compliment, and so we bade those who could not recompense us.

"We extend greetings and desire that you all rejoice with us. Mr. and Mrs. John Berrie, Shelly Farms."

The "firsts" looked soberly at each other; the spirit of the note touched the good in them and the new dinner dresses were, for the time, forgotten.

"Yes," they said, "the whole neighborhood has enjoyed a Happy New Year today. Surely it is a pleasant new leaf!" But the philanthropic society has never been organized, although the prospective president is ready and waiting.

NEW YEAR'S IN THE SOUTH FIFTY YEARS AGO

By WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

THE first day of January at the South 50 years ago presented scenes that would be strange indeed if enacted in this generation.

To the negro slaves as well as to the many white people it was known only as "hiring day."

At every county seat in every slave state it was the yearly custom for people of all degrees to gather, some as spectators, others as actors in the events of the day. By far the greater number collected prompted solely by idle curiosity.

Upon every corner and at every point available in the courthouse square sat negro women with great baskets of "apple-jacks" (a sort of fried apple pie), gingerbread and persimmon beer which they offered for sale.

During the day men engaged in tests of agility and strength, which ended not in-

Aunty Selling Apple-Jacks.

frequently in a free for all fight in which fists only were used and after which no arrests were made. In those New Year days the "rumshops," as they were called, did a land office business. Whisky was plentiful and cheap, and the prejudice against drunkenness was by no means so general then as now.

The focal point of interest, however, was the hiring out of negroes for the ensuing year. Now and then negroes were offered for public sale, but that practice was not so common then as in the earlier part of the century.

Planters neither hired out their slaves, nor did they employ those of other people. But those belonging to minor children and widows, as well as many who were "chattels" of residents of the towns and villages were commonly "hired out," especially if they had been taught trades, or were good cooks or house servants. Many town residents possessed slaves beyond their home needs, and these were "hired out" to others who might require their services.

The contract lasted for the calendar year only. It must be renewed annually, if desired by the contracting parties.

Much misconception obtains as to the disagreeableness and shame of this practice. Masters had a direct pecuniary interest in their slaves, and it was to their interest to see to it that these secured humane employers. As far as it was possible, each slave was permitted to choose the person for whom he would work. Some there were who remained with the same employers year by year for many years.

Those that were good servants had no difficulty in choosing desirable employers. Very frequently the master left this matter entirely in the hands of the slave.

After all, though, there were those who were unknown and many more who were practically worthless, and these were "hired out" at auction to the highest bidder. This, also, was commonly the practice as to "cornfield niggers" and unskilled laborers generally, of both sexes.

There were pathetic scenes now and then when negroes were sold at public auction on New Year's day. Very rarely it chanced that at such times members of the same family were sold to masters widely separated.

It should appeal to the common sense of any man that slaves being valuable holdings, their owners would neither treat them cruelly nor permit them to be abused by others. Owners of valuable horses uniformly are kind to them, and horses are not human.

In this Southern New Year's day, too, men met to settle long due debts, to pay notes and to rent farm lands. Taken altogether, it was a busy, busy day, full of its comedies as well as its dramas, and, sometimes, tragedies.

At such times the slaves of the plantations enjoyed their annual two weeks' vacation and these crowded the villages to buy all manner of gimcracks—cheap jewelry, ribbons and laces, and, having a sweet tooth, cheap candies as well. Any well-ordered slave could make "overtime" money, and it was a very sorry one, indeed, who had not a few dollars at the New Year, to throw away in folly upon a wife or a sweetheart.

The "white trash" gathered then solely with a view to looking on and to picking up what they could. As they were despised by both the well-to-do whites and the negroes of all degrees, they usually kept to themselves. They neither hired nor were hired, but in some manner contrived to secure their full share of whisky.

Like the old "general muster" day of the ante-bellum days, the 'afo' de wah' New Year has passed away with all its scenes and shiftings, yet the memory of it remains with the older residents as reminder that one day at least, and that the initial one, of the Southland, was one of potential energy and signally characteristic in its incidents of the age and times.

Had the Same Effect.

"I hear that Jack's fiancee has made him give a New Year's promise to stop smoking."

"That so? Well, mine has not said a word about giving up the weed, but our engagement has just the same effect."

"How so?"

"Every time I call all the cigars in my vest pocket manage to get crushed, and, of course, I don't smoke them!"—Baltimore Herald.

Plans for the New Year.

Now man resolves to strive anew
And in the coming year win more
Of that which misers fasten to
Than he has ever gained before.

His wife applauds him and sits down
Considering how she will show
A few new didoes to the town
If hubby gets his schemes to go.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

TRUE TO HIS RESOLUTION.

The Little Fellow—Strike me if yer wants ter. I've resoluted never ter lift me hand in anger agin' anoder agin'.

Economy of Labor.

"He is one of the most resourceful lazy men I ever knew."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because, instead of writing out his good resolutions, he cut the page for January 1, 1902, from his old diary and pasted it in under 1903."—Chicago Post.

As the Old Year Fades.

No, you needn't call me early, needn't call me, mother dear,
I'll know without your waking me that 'tis the glad New Year,
For every whistle in the town will blow from 12 to 3,
And boys with dad-dinged horns, mother, will toot a few for me.
—Chicago Tribune.

Making Them Comfortable.

Cora—Oh, papa, why have you moved the sofa out into the middle of the room?

Papa—I thought you would want it there, since you have hung the mistletoe on the chandelier.—Town Topics.

FOR FUTURE CONSUMPTION.

"Jedge, I want to swear off to-day. What'll you charge for a pledge?"

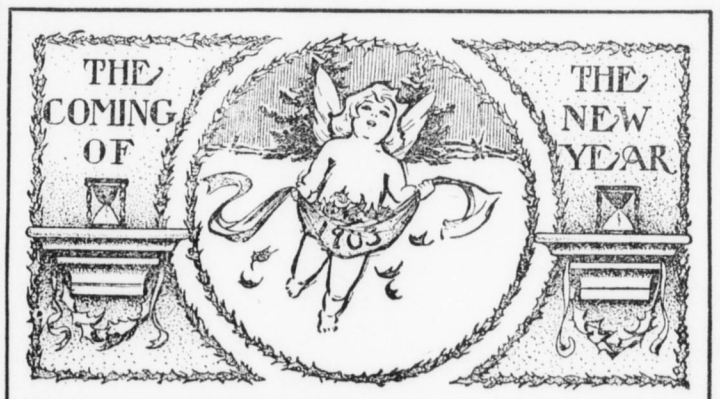
"Twenty-five cents."

"Can't you make it five for a dollar?"

A Genuine Picnic.

Johnny Jones—Did you have fun watching the old year out and the new year in?

Willie Boerum—Did I? Say! I watched my sister and her beau watch the old year out and the new year in!—Brooklyn Eagle.



WHY did they ring the bells last night
In steeples white and tall?
Why was the earth with joy bedight?
The soft snow over all;
Was it a dream, or did I hear
A sound beneath my sill,
While winter's starlight, cold and clear,
Revealed the sleeping hill?

NAY, nay, the New Year came last night,
Another year was born;
His footprints in the fleecy white
The watchers saw this morn;
The newborn guest is at the door,
A smile upon his brow;
But he will leave us old and poor
A fleeting year from now.

HE brings to all who wait for him
A smile, a laugh, a tear;
So, fill the chalice to the brim
And drink the Glad New Year;
Let every heart be gay and light,
And vanish every sigh,
A New Year came to us last night
Adown the winter sky.

AYE, at his beck the birds will sing,
In Springtime's scented bowers,
And from beneath his feet will spring
God's sweetest, fairest flowers;
He'll tarry till the Summer weaves
Her web of many hues,
And Autumn 'mid her golden sheaves
Her happiness renews.

FOR him the songsters of the dells
Will strike their clearest strains,
And buttercups and lily bells
Will deck the wolds and plains;
His skies will wear the softest blue,
The brook that seeks the sea
Will have a song for me and you,
Beneath the stately tree.

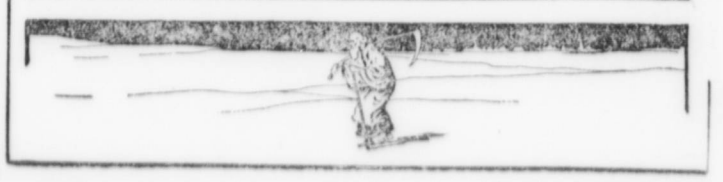
NOR will he leave us till once more
The earth is robed in snow,
And on the ever-sounding shore
The winds of winter blow:
Then, leaning on his own good staff,
Kindhearted, old and gray,
The vintage of the year he'll quaff
And slowly pass away.

I BLESS the bells that ring him in,
With many a song and shout,
Ere long, I know, amid earth's din
They'll gladly ring him out;
But while he tarries as our guest
Let there be ringing cheer;
He'll be the friend we love the best—
The winsome, glad New Year!

HE came before the dawn of day,
A cherub with a smile,
Adown the filmy starlit way
He traveled many a mile;
And at each door all o'er the land
He knocked amid the din;
And blest be he whose kindly hand
Was first to let him in.

THE chalice fill and let him know
That love for him is strong,
Amid the softly falling snow
O greet him with a song;
From pole to pole, from sea to sea,
In accents loud and clear,
Let every heart be glad and free
To greet the good New Year.

T. C. Harbaugh.



By Hilda Richmond.

The weather certainly was queer for the last day of December. The sun shone brightly down on leafless trees and brown fields, and a fresh warm breeze blew from the south making it like a day in late September. The wide expanse of meadows and wheat fields stretching away back of the dozen farm-houses that composed the tiny village seemed to be basking in the mellow, hazy sunlight that covered the whole landscape as with a garment. With a sigh Miss Julia Hunt hung the yellow almanac behind the shining stove in the kitchen, where yellow almanacs had hung for more than fifty years, and then went to the dining-room to pack away her precious china and ornaments.

"There's one thing," she said to Mary Finnegan, the maid of all work, "those boys are not going into the parlor. I'll lock the door to-night and not open it till they are gone. I'm not going to have my mother's furniture scratched and spoiled by a lot of city boys. It was very foolish of me to promise Louise that I would entertain part of her mission class of newsboys and bootblacks, but she begged so hard that I couldn't help it. She says one day in the country is like a glimpse of Heaven to those half starved little creatures, but I'm afraid it will not be like a glimpse of Heaven for us. I had planned to have Mike take them for a long sleighride in the bob sled, but here the weather must turn as warm as May and spoil my plans. If we get through the morning, we shall be all right, for I have tickets for the entertainment at the school-house in the afternoon, and they return on the six o'clock train. Louise said all that was necessary was to feed them well, and I would have no trouble."

"Maybe it will snow yet," said Mary, examining the little house out of which an old man was said to appear in case a storm was brewing. But the smiling little old lady was on guard, and that is a sure sign of fair weather.

"No such luck," exclaimed the mistress. "The almanac says 'fair and warmer' for to-morrow. Do you think you will have time to hunt up the checker board and dominoes in the attic, Mary?"

"Sure an' I'll do that as soon as the bird is stuffed."

If I thought they wouldn't break it, I'd run over to Mrs. Brown's and borrow the boys' magic lantern. I could darken the sitting-room and show off the pictures, but perhaps I'd better not risk it. How many ginger cookies did you bake this morning?"

"Four dozen," replied Mary promptly.

"Let me see. Ten boys are coming. That will be plenty for each to have three or four for lunch. Louise laid such stress on having plenty to eat that I am glad you baked too many rather than not enough. You need not make the tarts if we have mince and pumpkin pie."

"How do you do?" said a brisk voice at the open door. I just stopped to tell you that the entertainment for to-morrow is all off. Two of the Gray children are down with the measles, and as they had the leading parts, it can't be given. I am around refunding money to the people who bought tickets."

"Troubles never come singly," observed Miss Julia as she exchanged eleven bits of pasteboard for a handful of small coins. Mary I'll be back in half an hour. I'm going to the store for some candy, and on the way back I'll stop for the magic lantern. This house will look as if a whirlwind had struck it by to-morrow night, but it can't be helped, I suppose. I'll have more sense next time," she added grimly.

As the train stopped at the little station the next morning, ten boys ranging from ten to fifteen years, were met by Miss Julia and escorted home much as if she were in charge of so many Indians. They were armed with balls and bats, and before they were half way to the house, one of them pointed to Miss Hunt's big pasture field, and said, "Hully gee! Ain't that a bully place for a game?"

Miss Hunt was shocked at the language, but hope rose in her heart. It might be possible that the exquisite, cloudless weather favored her after all. She looked at the thin clothing of her guests, and rejoiced that the yellow almanac had truly predicted "fair and warmer" for this New Year's day.

"I say, missus, is they any boys 'round here? Lame Jimmy, he can't play an' we'd like to strike some kids fer a match game," said one of the boys eagerly.

"Certainly, there are boys in the village. If you go out and start a game, I guess it won't be long till they will all be with you," said Miss Hunt, who had very little acquaintance with boys, but had noticed that they were not long in finding out if anything new was going on.

Before the location of the bases had been settled, three recruits joined the ranks and were soon offering to hunt up enough more for the match game.

"Dear me, Mary," lamented Miss Hunt, as a new difficulty stared her in the face, "I was just going to run out with the cookies and some apples for the boys, but there are ten or twelve extra ones playing with them. They must be hungry after their long ride this morning, but what can I do?"

"Sure an' I'd run to Mrs. Brown's and get the batch she made yisterday. Her Mollie said their company couldn't come to-day."

"The very thing!" And with a load off her mind Miss Julia hastened across the street.

"Sell them! I guess not. My Joe and Ned are screaming out there as loud as the rest. You may have them all, and these pies, too, for Sister Jane can't come to-day. I'll help you carry them to the pasture field," said Mrs. Brown.

"Ten minutes for refreshments," yelled Lame Jimmie, who had by common consent been chosen umpire, since, as a shrewd newsboy remarked, "No feller'd hit a cripple even if his decisions was foul."

In less than half the time Jimmie had alloted, the cookies and apples disappeared, and the game was again in progress. On the way out Miss Hunt had said: "We'll let them eat all they want, and then put the baskets by the fence where they can help themselves whenever they get hungry."

Mrs. Brown, who was the mother of four healthy boys, said nothing to this, but thought her friend would have her eyes opened as to boys' appetites before night.

"For pity's sake," said Miss Hunt, looking at the empty baskets. "I never saw the like. I must go right in and tell Mike to kill some young chickens. My turkey and the roast beef will never be enough at this rate. I'm sorry I declined your pies, Mrs. Brown."

"I'll go right home and bring them," said Mrs. Brown. "I have some fresh cake that I can spare, too. My Mollie can look after our dinner if you need any help. Perhaps I can do something for you."

"Indeed you can," said Miss Julia fervently. "It's only nine o'clock, but I shall begin peeling potatoes at once. No wonder Louise said over and over again to 'prepare plenty of food.'"

"I saw you going out with a lunch for the boys," said Mrs. Race, coming to meet them with a large basket. "I suppose my three are out there, so it is only fair that I should help. Do you think they will like these?" and she displayed a lot of warm, sugary crullers.

"Like them!" laughed Mrs. Brown. "They ate every thing we had in five minutes. Don't take these out now. Wait till we have a chance to take something. It is always well to have a reserve.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Hunt. "If you can come in and make up about a bushel of cookies, I shall be indebted to you forever, Mrs. Race. I thought I had enough dinner for twenty boys, but I am afraid not now."

All three women were so busy preparing dinner that an hour slipped past before anyone thought of the baseball players. Even then it is doubtful if they would have been remembered if the whole troop had not come to the house ostensibly to get a drink, but really to see if more cookies would not be forthcoming. Miss Hunt was overcome with remorse to think she had neglected her guests, and several pies soon followed the crullers as astonement for her sin of omission.

"Now, boys," she said as the procession started, each boy with a huge pumpkin pie triangle in one hand and a rosy apple in the other, "dinner will be ready in an hour or two and we want you to have good appetites."

"We'll be there," sang out the captain, briefly, leading the way back to the field.

"I am sorry all the boys can't stay to dinner," said Miss Hunt. "Do you suppose there would be enough for all?"

"I am afraid not," said Mrs. Race, surveying the contents of pots, kettles and pans. I am sorry, too, for they are having such a good time together."

"I'll run down and see if Mrs. Lake has anything to spare. Perhaps we can arrange for all to stay," said Mrs. Brown. "Now don't object, Julia. There are six little Lakes out in your pasture field and their mother will be delighted to help."

"Of course she will," said Mrs. Lake at the door. "Nellie told me what is going on down here, and I came right away to offer my services, for of course my boys are out there with the rest. I'll be back in a few minutes with my contribution."

"The dinin'-room only holds twelve," announced Mary Finnegan, red-faced from a struggle with the table.

"Let's set one table in the sitting-room," said Julia, forgetting that she had intended to lock up her parlor and sitting-room.

When dinner was finally ready, not a boy was in the pasture field. The bats were thrown aside, the catcher's mask dangled from the fence, and the barn-roof reserved seats for spectators were empty. Far away faint shouts announced that a lively chase was going on. Miss Hunt was in despair but not so the mothers.

"They have seen a rabbit or a squirrel," said Mrs. Lake, calmly, as she rang the big old dinner bell that had been silent for twenty years. "My dear Julia, if you had ever lived in the same house with six youngsters, you would be surprised at nothing. I see Mrs. Brown filling a tub with warm water. She knows what condition their hands and faces will be in."

The squirrel hunt was abandoned at the first sound of the bell, and across the fields streamed the visitors and besides all the well boys that the village boasted. Nearly every one of the dozen houses in the group was represented in the motley crowd of dirty urchins. Under the direction of Mrs. Brown, the whole party was soon scented with soap and scrubbed to that lady's satisfaction. They could scarcely restrain themselves under her rigid inspection, for near at hand stretched the long tables loaded with all sorts of delicious things foreign to the city waifs. Country boys take good food as a matter of course, but three hours of baseball and chasing the nimble squirrel had made everybody ravenous.

"Golly," said Lame Jimmie, taking in the turkey, chicken, bread, vegetables, jellies, pickles, cake, pie, and fruit with which the long table was filled. "I wisht every day was New Year's."

How they all enjoyed that dinner! Miss Hunt buttered bread till her fingers ached. Mrs. Brown ladled out quarts of gravy. Mary collected a peck of bones to make room near the loaded plates for her dishes of apple sauce and peaches, while the other women, who had been joined by two more mothers, sliced ham, and answered calls for more turkey and everything else on the bill of fare.

"If you ladies will come to the game, we'll give you the best reserved seats," said the captain of the city nine, when a plate of delicious plum pudding was placed before him. As the best reserved seats were on the roof of Miss Hunt's cow barn, the ladies declined with thanks.

"We are very much obliged," said Miss Hunt, "but the dishes must be washed and preparations made for supper."

"Does we git supper, too?" asked a bootblack, laving down a piece of frosted cake with a sigh. "I'se been a eatin' enough fer supper now."

"Corse we does," said another. "Dese ladies is de real ting."

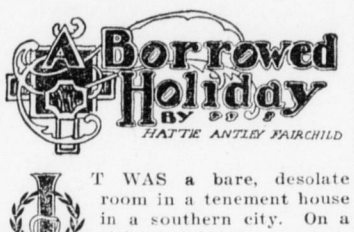
"And to think," said Miss Hunt to herself as the train pulled out and the echo of the cheers her guests had just given for her was still singing in her ears. "I was afraid to have the poor little souls come into my house. They said it was the happiest day they ever spent, and I'm ashamed of my selfishness. They behaved like gentlemen—every one of them, and would not have injured a thing in the house. When they come back next Fourth of July I'll give them a picnic that is worthy of the name, and do it without calling on all the neighbors for help, too.—Ohio Farmer.

"Hully Gee! Aint That a Bully Place for a Game?"

HAD NO USE FOR IT.

Mr. Wit—I heard that you received a beautiful pocketbook for a New Year's present."

Mr. Nit—That's right, but what use is a pocketbook to a fellow who went broke on presents a week ago?



By HATTIE ANTLEY FAIRCHILD

IT WAS a bare, desolate room in a tenement house in a southern city. On a rickety table in one corner stood a broken vase, which still showed remnants of its pristine beauty as the light of a stray sunbeam shone through its ruby depths. A long-stemmed, withered rose which it held was doubtless a reminder of some happier hour. The occupants of the room were a mother and her three children, a puny babe, a little girl, perhaps three years of age, and a boy about seven years her senior. There was nothing about the room to suggest that the family had ever been comfortably placed as regards this world's goods, save the broken Venetian vase, but the face of the mother as she bent over her wailing babe, trying to soothe and still its cries, bore the traces of what had once been the most refined type of beauty.

Only a short year ago, Mary Derwent and her little family had been living in comparative comfort, but suddenly her husband lost his position as head clerk in a large establishment, which, owing to the pressure of the times, had failed. Unfortunately, he fell seriously ill of a fever, which completely prostrated him. By degrees their small savings were expended, then the best of the furniture was sold, for they were too proud to ask help, and so they went from bad to worse, until they only had the poor bed, the stove, the table and two chairs, which now furnished in scant measure the little room in the tenement they called home.

Meanwhile Hugh Derwent Had Dragged His Weary Way Homeward.

Hugh had been out since early morning hunting for work, and his wife was growing momentarily more anxious about his prolonged absence. What could keep him? It began to grow dark. Pressing her pale face against the panes, she peered out into the street.

"Mamma, I'm so hungry," pleaded a weak little voice from the bed. "Can't I have something?"

"Oh, Harry, what shall we do? Sister wants something to eat?" cried Mrs. Derwent, putting her arms around her little boy's neck.

"Mamma, don't cry. I'll go out again; perhaps I'll get something this time, and pr'aps I'll meet papa. I won't come back without something this time," cried Harry. "Now, see, mamma, if I do. Please don't cry!"

"Oh, where will you go, my poor little darling, where will you go? Your clothes are too thin to go out in this wind. I cannot, cannot let you go!"

But Harry was off; he had no time to lose. He had no time to lose, indeed, if he meant to reach the great publishing house in Broad street. It was fully five o'clock, and he must be there before six, and it was such a long, weary walk for a little fellow.

Meanwhile Hugh Derwent had dragged his weary way homeward. He had met the usual rebuffs, some rudely uttered, some gently worded, for there were men who were touched by his pallid face and the hopeless expression of his countenance. Mary listened for his footsteps, for it was now too dark to see the passers-by on the street, caught a faint, uncertain sound as of someone tottering on the stairs. Opening the door she discerned the figure of her husband coming wearily up, step by step, but oh, so slowly. Soon she had him clasped in her arms. No need for him to repeat the sad story of failure again; she knew it when he touched her cheek with his cold lips.

"Where is Harry?" were the first words he spoke after regaining his breath, for he was quite exhausted by the exertion of mounting the steep staircase

"He's gone out, dearest; I couldn't stop him. Mary cried for something to eat, and the little fellow rushed out, determined to do something. Don't be frightened, Hugh, God will take care of him, and of us, too. We must not hide our trouble from your aunt any longer; it isn't justice to our children."

Where, meantime, was little Harry, and what was his object in visiting the great publishing house of Ford & Company? Looking at the huge, seven-story building, with all its windows ablaze with light, you would wonder what purpose the child had in mind.

Nearly a year before, Mary Derwent, when the beginning of their troubles had come, had mailed a story to the Manhattan Magazine, entering the competition for a prize of $500, which had been offered. Mary Derwent, in her happier days, had written verse which had been accepted and published. The prospect of coming trouble had stimulated her, as it has many another, to literary effort, in the hope of giving her family the helping hand. Poverty had knit this little family into a closer and more intimate union than ordinarily exists in families, and they had talked things over together, but long since Mary had ceased to wonder about her story, giving it up for lost.

The thought of it came as an inspiration to small Harry, and he meant to beg money for the story; that was his errand. "Surely," thought the child, "the good editor will buy it if he knows how hungry we all are."

Harry's tired little feet at last reached the large building where the Manhattan Magazine was published, and through his earnest solicitation he was admitted to the editorial rooms, where he told his errand. After some questioning, he was informed that Mary Derwent's story had won the first prize, and as she had sent no address except "City," they had forwarded the check to the general delivery office.

It was so far to the post office, but that letter would buy bread, so Harry trudged bravely on. At last he was there. There were two letters, one for his father. He clutched them tightly in his thin, small hand and started for home. How far it was! If he could just hold out to get there! A pain came in his head and everything turned dark around him, despite the electric lights.

There was an elegant gentleman sauntering leisurely along, looking almost bored by the mere fact of existence. Harry stopped a moment, passing his hand over his eyes as if to clear away the mist, before attempting the muddy crossing.

What made everything turn around so? Suddenly there was an outcry as a little form went down in the mud and slush, right in front of a carriage dashing furiously onward. A moment more and the cruel hoofs of the madly driven horses will trample the brave little life out.

But no, a strong arm clutches them, and with almost superhuman strength forces them back on their haunches as the little child struggles to his feet. It was the listless gentleman, a Mr. Mayo.

"Oh, thank you, sir," gasped Harry.

"Ah, don't mention it, sonny; let me help you across," and he grasped the muddy, ragged sleeve in his daintily gloved hand, and nearly lifting the slight form, swung him over. The child reeled and would have fallen, but he caught and held him.

"I can't go on, and they are so hungry at home. Please take this letter to mother—I—I can't see."

The gentleman signaled a hack and lifted Harry in, taking a seat beside him.

"Now, where do you live?" he inquired.

Harry roused sufficiently to give directions, but immediately sank back almost fainting.

Mr. Mayo suddenly exclaimed, as if a thought had struck him which was very surprising:

There Were Two Letters, One for His Father.

"I believe the boy is starving," and he stopped the hack in front of a restaurant and ordered a glass of milk, a glass of sherry and some brandy and water, the only things he could think of just then.

The hackman said, dryly:

"That ain't no fitten stuff fur folks whut's starvin'! The milk'll do, but bread and meat's whut he needs."

"Well, bring them," and a generous supply was brought forth.

A slow smile dawned on the face of the gentleman as the child ate.

"Ah, what a remarkable appetite! I feel surfeited myself just watching you."

Harry's appetite appeased, they proceeded.

Mr. Mayo scanned the addresses on the letters which he had taken.

"Mary Derwent—sounds familiar, somehow."

They arrived at the mean tenement, and Harry asked Mr. Mayo upstairs. "For mother will want to thank you," he said.

"I don't care for thanks, but I would like to see the owner of that name—must be someone I have known."

"Mother!" called Harry, "oh, mother, I bring good news. Here's money; your story won first prize, and here's a kind gentleman who saved me from being run over. Now Mary and all can have something to eat."

Mr. and Mrs. Derwent could not realize the sudden transition from despair to hope. They sat as if dazed. Mr. Derwent came forward at last, and in a broken voice tried to speak his thanks.

"Why, haven't you a light?" inquired Mr. Mayo.

"Oh, sir," said Harry, who had revived wonderfully since eating, "we had no money to buy anything."

Mr. Mayo stared. He had never come in contact with poverty before.

"Here, take my purse and get light and, ah—something to eat."

Mr. Derwent was again thanking him, while Mrs. Derwent was weeping tears of joy and thankfulness.

"God sent you to save my children from starvation. This evening I begged for bread, begged it, and the baker refused me. But what wouldn't a woman do for her children?"

Harry soon came back with a light and a basket of food and handed the purse back to Mr. Mayo.

"I only took enough for to-night, for mother has money, now."

Mr. Mayo emptied the purse on the bed, where Mrs. Derwent was already feeding little Mary, who ate ravenously.

The mother had less to eat than any, but, mother-like, thought of self last.

Mr. Mayo bowed himself out, promising to call on the morrow, silently wondering that he, of all others, should be the one to play Providence to a poor family.

The second letter which Harry brought proved to be an urgent invitation from Mr. Derwent's aunt in the country for him and his family to spend New Year's with her, the second day from this. How gladly they left the close, comfortless room for the spacious old farmhouse among the hills!

The day was glorious, the air balmy as if Indian summer had come again.

When they reached the home station and crowded into the large family carriage, she threw wide the windows to let in the golden sunlight and health-giving breeze from the pine lands.

Was ever a day more royal than this?

Mr. Mayo, having called to see the Derwents the day previous, Mrs. Derwent took the liberty, in her great happiness, to invite him out, too, presented himself, to his own and her astonishment, as they were going out to dinner in the large, handsome old dining-room.

There was just enough frost in the air to make the wood fire acceptable, yet the musk roses looked saucily in at the wide windows and nodded a welcome, while large vases full of flowers breathed out their hearts in fragrance.

The crowning event of the day came when Mr. Derwent was giving a second helping to turkey. The dear old aunt announced that, as he would be her heir, it was his duty to remain there and keep up his property; she was tired of living without children in the house. "And what is more, I'm not going to any longer," she declared with emphasis.

"Ah, Mrs. Derwent," said Mr. Mayo, after dinner, as he swung lazily in a hammock under a large oak tree, "I found out why your name sounded so—ah, familiar; there was a little mistake. My cousin wrote a story for that competition, and took a fancy to sign her name 'Mary Derwent,' having heard it somewhere, perhaps. She told me about it and—"

"Then it was her story instead of mine which won the prize?"

"Her story was called 'Evelyn,' I think."

"That accounts for it; the letter that contained the check said 'Evelyn, by Mary Derwent.' Mine was 'Evangeline,' but I thought they had made a mistake."

"Ah, quite a coincidence," said Mr. Mayo, "but you shan't lose by it."

"I can't lose now. Had Harry not gone to the post office, he would not have met you, and had you not succored us at that critical time we would have died, and but for the check we could not have come out here."

"So you stole your New Year's, Mary," said her aunt, as she shook her fat sides in laughter, "but the heir to 'Pinelands,' your farmer husband (as he is to be), can easily replace it."

Would you believe that that gay young fellow driving the cows from the pasture with Harry, helping little Mary make mud pies, swinging the baby in the hammock, peeling potatoes with a checked apron on, was the dandy who stood at the street crossing with his cane in his mouth, almost refuting the statement that "God made man in His own image?"

Well, he is the identical young swell, who has been out at Pinelands several weeks, and says he intends staying there several more.

"In fact, Mr. Derwent," he said, "I am in love with Pinelands, and I intend you shall adopt me as a brother. Let me put my money in improvements on the plantation, and instead of making 'ducks and drakes' of my capital, I'll buy ducks and drakes and quit making a goose of myself."

Soon he gave the world "assurance of a man."—Ladies' World, New York.

H. C. OLMSTED

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

We are making Christmas buying easier for every one this year by offering personal and household necessities, many of which will make splendid practical presents, at below usual price. The saving thus afforded is often large enough to cover all the nick-nacks that are on every one's gift list. The nick-nacks are here too.

Practical Giving is in Giving Practical Things. You will Find them at this Store.

Women's Skirts,
Women's Underwear,
Women's Handkerchiefs,
Women's Dress Goods,
Woman's Evening Slippers,
Women's Gloves and Mittens.
Women's Furs,

Women's Shoes,
Women's Hosiery,
Woman's Umbrellas,
Men's Underwear,
Men's Gloves and Mittens,
Men's Hats and Caps,
Men's Pants.

Men's Shirts,
Men's Overalls,
Men's Suspenders,
Men's Shoes,
Men's Rubbers,
Men's Umbrellas.

Every practical thing for the boys and girls will be found at this store.
Oriental Rugs as gifts. A fine line in both dark and light colors.

Choice Groceries

The Grocery Department plays an important part in the preparations for Christmas. The prudent housewife will make her selections early and be prepared for the holiday feasting---Here is a bargain bill of fare that will make it an easy matter to decide on what to have for the Christmas dinner. These are absolutely pure first quality groceries, the best in every way.
Flour, Rice, Beans, Peas, Tomatoes; Potatoes, Corn, Salmon, Dried Beef, Roast Beef, Prunes, Mince Meat, Cleaned Raisins, Cleaned Currants, Syrups, N. O. Molasses, Coffees, Cocoas, Catsups, Cereals Crackers, Gran. Sugar 25 pounds for $1,40.

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Jackets

We have a large stock and all the latest creations. We are prepared to suit you if you are looking for a Coat, Cape or Raglan. Come in and look them over.

For the Little Ones.

We have not forgotten the little ones and have purchased a stock of wraps that will protect them from the wintery winds.

Come in and we will sell you a wrap that will look better and for a smaller price than you can purchase elsewhere.

Special Drive in Furs.

Foila a Deadly Attack.

"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cure constipation, sick headache. 25c at L. Taggart's drug store.

The greedy man always cheats himself.

A Cold Wave.

The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctuary of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of one Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise Madison (Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health, and probably my life." It cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs. R. C. Dodson.

Good intentions do not improve with age.

Saved at Grave's Brink.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newsom, of Decatur, Ala., "if it had not been for Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of Indigestion, Waterbrash, Stomach and Bowel Dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did me a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles Electric Bitters are a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at L. Taggart's drug store.

Prayer helps you to secure what you need but it won't bring you what you think you want.

The Pride of Heroes.

Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for Scratches, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Corns, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for burns, Scalds, Boils, Tooers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at L. Taggart's drug store.

If we knew at forty what we thought we knew at twenty the libraries of the world might be spared.

A glass or two of water half an hour before breakfast will usually keep the bowels regular. Harsh cathartics should be avoided. When a purgative is needed, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are mild and gentle in their action. For sale by L. Taggart.

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered, some years ago, how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a pacific for Piles. For Blind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's —the genuine. R. C. Dodson.

What's In a Name?

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If we knew at forty what we thought we knew at twenty the libraries of the world might be spared.

A very poor sort of man may be wealthy if he has the money.

Rattlesnake Pete's" Industry.

A queer business is that in which Peter Gruber, of Rochester, is engaged. He is procuring and powdering the venom of rattlesnakes for scientific uses and the price which he receives for his commodity is $2,400 per pound, says the Bradford Era. Up to the present time Mr. Gruber, whose other name is "Rattlesnake Pete," is without competition and has a monopoly which will be free from interference by any possible regulation of trusts which may be the outcome of Congressional action. Cyanide of mercury, strychnine, arsenic, and some brands of whiskey, are sure death when given a chance to show what they can do, but the venom of the rattlesnake, as prepared by Gruber, is said to be still more deadly than any of the portions named. Not long ago a letter was received from Germany directed to "Rattlesnake Pete, Rochester, America," asking in what quantities the venom from rattlesnakes could be furnished by the Rochester snake man and what he charged for it. When interviewed about it Pete said: "I have just received another letter from Germany. It is from Dr. Edwin L. Faust, Pharmacological Laboratory, University of Strasburg, and he wants $500 worth of rattlesnake venom in its powdered form to experiment with. He thinks my price of $25 per drachm is too high, but when it comes to procuring the stuff, in the manner it has to be taken from the snake, with a slip meaning a bite that would result in either death, or weeks at the hospital, I can tell you that I will not furnish a drachm for one cent less. I have to pick each snake up with my hand and force a spoon into its mouth in order to procure the venom, and although I have handled rattlers all my life, I never court trouble unless there is a financial consideration worth taking the risk for." The rattlesnake venom is used by medical experts in cases of leprosy, diphtheria, lockjaw and other diseases where desperate chances are taken for the patient's recovery.

In some recent experiments with leprous patients, it is said that good results have been obtained by rattlesnake venom, but the use of the poison for this purpose is as yet in an experimental stage. In the meantime, it is safe to say that Mr. Gruber will continue to monopolize the business of which he is the founder.

ALL SORTS.

The crucifix is not the Cross.

Sincerity is the secret of success.

Half a truth may be a whole lie.

Practical piety must be personal.

Self-knowledge will cure self-love.

Singing saints are seldom sad ones.

The love of God is the light of man.

The avalanche starts with a pebble.

Sense and sanctity are not autonyms.

Profanity is often a species of insanity.

Humanity is one of the gates of heaven.

Iniquity is the first cause of infirmity.

Lots of woman haters are afraid to mention it to their wives.

Japanese coiners are alleged to be flooding Korea with counterfeit cash.

Widows are not always as mournful as outward appearances would indicate.

When a woman seeks information she goes after it in a roundabout way.

Many a farmer earns his bread by the sweat of his hired man's brow.

It's easy to believe one who speaks deprogratory of others or in praise of ourselves.

It is a blessed thing for us that God judges us by our efforts and not by our achievements.

It will take those people who are always sound on the church a long time to get sweetened up for heaven.

Halifax is considering a scheme for the establishment of a municipal hotel and restaurant near the corporation reservoir at Ogden.

Paris, according to the latest census returns, has a population of 2,650,000 persons, of whom over 1,206,000 are either foreigners or provincials.

Six hundred French market gardeners have gone on a strike at Nantes, and no fresh vegetables of any sort can be obtained in the town.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

EUREKA
HARNESS OIL
Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It restores the natural oils in the leather, keeps it pliable. Stitches don't break, do not pull or soft and pliable. Stitches don't break, keeps the dampness the leather. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.
Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needful before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. In almost every instance a severe cold may be warded off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures For sale by L. Taggart.

The worldly wise may be eternally foolish.

If you feel ill and need a pill
Why not purchase the best?
DeWitt's Early Risers
Are little surprisers,

Take one—they do the rest.

W. H. Howell, Houston, Tex., writes—I have used Little Early Riser Pills in my family for constipation, sick headache, etc. To their use I am indebted for the health of my family.

Grapes of peace do not grow on thorns of passion.

A Million Voices.

Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. Kings New Discovery for consumption and writes—"it completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Lung trouble. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at L. Taggart's.

The flame of lust quenches the light of life.

To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Mr. J. H. Seitz, of Detroit, Mich., says, "They restored my appetite when imparted relieved me of a bloated feeling and caused a pleasant and satisfactory movement of the bowels." There are people in this community who need just such a medicine For Sale by L. Taggart. Every box warranted.

It takes more than money to make a living.

Better Than a Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened by Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts, is better than a plaster for a lame back and for pains in the side of chest. Pain Balm has no superior as a liniment for the relief of deep seated, muscular and rheumatic pains. For sale by L. Taggart.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson. Call for free sample.

Geo. H. Gross.

The Broad Street Meat Market

HOME-MADE MINCE MEAT
HOME-MADE SAUSAGE,
FRESH OYSTERS,
WEANERS AND
LIVER SAUSAGE
FRESH WALNUTS,
AMONDS AND MIXED NUTS.
FINE FLORIDA ORANGES.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY.

PILES RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY
A cure Guaranteed if you use
(Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say
my do all you claim for them." Dr. S. R. Devoe,
Haven Beach, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satis-
faction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes:
"In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to
equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold
by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.
D. Main, Thompson, Supt.

Hunphreys' Veterinary Specifics

☞ BOOK MAILED FREE.

A. A. } FEVERS, Congestions, Inflamma-
cures } tions, Lung Fever, Milk Fever.
B. B. } SPRAINS, Lameness, Injuries,
cures } Rheumatism.
C. C. } SORE THROAT, Quinsy, Bulcoolic.
cures } Distemper.
D. D. } WORMS, Bots, Grubs.
cures }
E. E. } COUGHS, Colds, Influenza, Inflamed
cures } Lungs, Pleuro-Pneumonia.
F. F. } COLIC, Bellyache, Wind-blown,
cures } Diarrhea, Dysentery.
G. G. Prevents MISCARRIAGE.
H. H. } KIDNEY & BLADDER DISORDERS.
cures }
I. I. } SKIN DISEASES, Mange, Eruptions,
cures } Ulcers, Grease, Farcy.
J. K. } BAD CONDITION, Starting Coat,
cures } Indigestion, Stomach Staggers.
60c. each; Stable Case, Ten Specifics, Book, &c., $7.
At druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Streets, New York.

THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

DECEMBER 25, 1902. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

State Library 30 Jun 1903

We Have What You Need!

To brush up and make beautiful your home. The season of the year for such work has arrived and we would call the attention of the public to our very large and reliable line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, the best in the world. In addition to the best paints, we have a first-class line of De Voe & Co.'s Brushes. Get a move on and be prepared to paint before the workmen are all engaged. We can save you money.

While you are painting your home or business place let us talk a little with you on Bath and Closets, Hot Water, Steam or anything in that line. Our increased facilities and expert workmen will do you good work. Don't deay until too late.

Farmers should bear in mind that we handle Plows, Harrows, Rakes, etc. In fact our Hardware, Stove and Plumbing Departments are up to the best.

Write or wire us, when a competent agent will call on you.

Murry & Coppersmith Co.

AFTER THE BATTLE

Some are wound bleeding and sore, while others have a fit of the blues. No if there should be any so unfortunate as to suffer from the effects of accidents we have the Balm for their pains and aches, let it be either for man or beast.

Our liniment and powders for horses or cattle are always the best.

Our medicines are pure and always get there. The prices are right too.

Our patent medicine department is supplied with all the standard remedies and we can supply your on short notice.

Our toilet and fancy goods department we keep up to the times.

Our Prescription department receives our closest attention and all calls answered day or night. Just touch the button. In fact we are here to do business and serve the public.

M. - A. - ROCKWELL,
THE PHARMACIST.

Consult Your Interests

AND SAVE BIG MONEY BY ORDERING NOW

YOUR FALL SUIT

AT

R. SEGER & COMPANY'S.

We handle nothing but the very best fabrics and on this together with first-class fit and workmanship we have built up the large patronage we enjoy.

Come in and see us.

R. SEGER & CO.

Opposite M. E. Church.

His Ruling Passion.

When Verlaine died, he left his friend Bibilapuree as a legacy to those who had cared for him. Bibi was inoffensive; there was a tradition that years ago he had worked, but the man lived not who had seen him with pen in hand. Yet Bibi was looked after for the dead poet's sake. Painters, sculptors, journalists, gave him house room in turn, fed him and clothed him, and Bibi was grateful. But one little vice of his was incurable—he invariably walked off with his host's umbrella. This persistent absentmindedness at last produced a coolness, and his friends dropped off, and Bibi experienced the cold shoulder of neglect.

One day he was discovered almost starving in an empty house, and Verlaine's friends reproached themselves for their unkindness to the poor old man. A subscription was raised for his benefit, and the money handed to him at a banquet at which the twenty-seven subscribers were present. Bibi's health was drunk with enthusiasm; he rose to reply, but emotion so overcame him that he sought permission to retire. In his retirement he was accompanied by twenty-seven umbrellas.

Frogs and Wires.

It is said that one of the great enemies of the overland telegraph line in central Australia is the common green frog. In order to save the insulators from being broken by the lightning they are provided with wire "droppers" leading round them at a little distance to conduct on to the pole in case of need. The frogs climb the poles and find the insulators cool and pleasant to their bodies, and fancy that the "dropper" is put there to furnish them with a back seat. After a nap they yawn and stretch out a leg until it touches the pole—result, sudden death to the frog, and as the body continues to conduct the current to earth we have a paragraph in the papers to the effect that "in consequence of an interruption to the lines probably caused by a cyclonic disturbance in the interior, we are unable to present our readers with the usual cables from England."

Sensible Treatment of Corns.

Light shoes, short shoes and clumsy shoes produce corns by compressing, cramping and rubbing against the joints. A great many of these pedal blemishes are hereditary. In any case it is a good plan to suppress them. Every medicine merchant has a variety of "cures," and nearly all give temporary relief. A poultice made of vinegar soaked breadcrumbs will cure a little corn in one night. It is not advisable to let a corn grow. Either rub down the formation with pumice stone or remove it with a knife. A little opposition will discourage it provided sensible shoes are worn. In pedicuring, as in manicuring, the feet should be soaked in hot water and as much of the waste material brushed and rubbed off as possible.

Fobert

The Tailor

WE GIVE AWAY A SUIT OF CLOTHES.

To any one who can bring us a garment made as well, with fit and style better than we can turn out here.

We have the best tailors that can be found in the state and OUR PRICES will suit the customer. We get the Fashion Plates every month from the best TAILOR AND CUTTER REVIEW of the world.

Don't be afraid to to give us a trial and if you do not find our clothes as we say I will refund your money.

All Work Guaranteed

J. L. FOBERT,

Emporium, Pa.

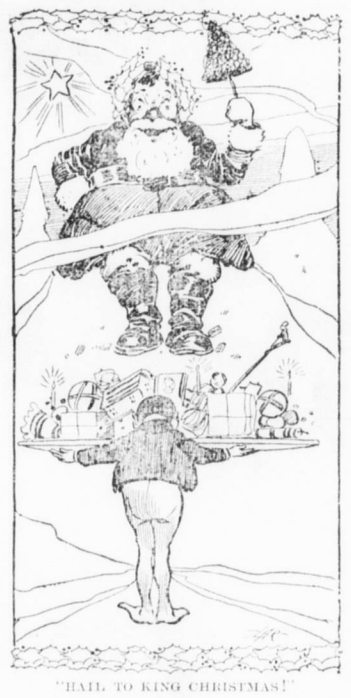
A CHRISTMAS GREETING

A Poem of the Yuletide

A SONG for old Christmas,
For jolly old Christmas,
The monarch of merriment, fun
and good cheer!
Let all the bells chiming
Ring out with a rhyming
For Christmas, good Christmas, King
Christmas is here!

Pile up the log fire
Still higher and higher;
He loves the bright blaze of a wide open
hearth.
No shadow of sadness
Must darken our gladness,
For Christmas, blithe Christmas, now
rules the broad earth.

The stars are all winking
As if they were drinking
Time out of ethereal champagne that he
brings.
The winds shout in chorus:
"Long may he reign o'er us!
Good Christmas, King Christmas, the
greatest of kings!"



"HAIL TO KING CHRISTMAS!"

O'er snow piles, high drifted,
His throne is uplifted!
His mantle is pinned by the North Polar
star.
And down the dim ages
Saints, sinners and sages
Cry, "Hail to King Christmas, who rules
near and far!"

His brows wreathed with holly,
Fat, rosy and jolly,
He sways the proud scepter no monarch
can boast
O'er realms that are boundless
And depths that are soundless,
For he, mighty Christmas, alone rules the
roast!

Then plump be the purses
Of all whom these verses
May reach, with their tidings of jolly
good cheer.
Their presents be many,
Their fun best of any,
For Christmas comes once—only once—in
a year.
—Aimee Carey in Philadelphia Ledger.

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD.

How to Prepare and Cook a Goose, Old or Young.

A goose is the typical Christmas bird, although most families dine on turkey that day, and some like a pair of ducks and a fine roast of beef. The goose must be young, or what is called a green goose. Yellow and flexible feet are a sign of youth. A goose is dressed and trussed in the same manner as a turkey, but the skin should be thoroughly washed.

Sage and onions are the traditional seasonings, and a very good way to stuff a goose is to boil and mash some white potatoes and season highly with onion juice, sage, also salt and pepper. Dredge the outside lightly with salt and pepper and thickly with flour. Lay the goose on a rack in the baking pan and put a few tablespoonfuls of water in the pan; baste often. Twenty minutes to the pound is the average time to allow for the baking. Garnish with blood oranges cut in sections on parsley, celery tips or any other green garnish.

Make a sauce from the contents of the pan, thickening with flour, and after straining add the giblets, which have been cooked until tender in water and chopped coarsely.

An old goose cannot be cooked satisfactorily in this way. It will need to be parboiled and then braised.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

A Happy Christmas Custom Among Swedish Peasants.

Christmas is celebrated in Sweden to an extent unknown in our country, and the celebration is not over until Jan. 13, or "twentieth day Yule." A very pretty feature of the festivities is thus described by a writer who has visited that country: One wintry afternoon, at Juletide (as the season is called), I had been skating on a pretty lake three miles from Gothenberg. On my way home I noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected, in the middle of the yard, a pole, to the top of which was bound a large, full sheaf of grain. "Why is this?" I asked my comrade. "Oh, that's for the birds, the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas, too, you know." And so it is; not a peasant in Sweden will sit down to a Christmas dinner within doors until he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the birds in the cold and snow without.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Making and Curing Dimples.

A pretty, lifelike dimple can be made to appear on a lady's cheek by means of a specially designed knife with a very small and very sharp blade, a daintily tiny, keen edged, silvered scoop and a very fine needle.

A small, straight incision is first made in the flesh. The little scoop is then used to remove a small portion of the underlying fat, while the sewing together with the needle the edges of the cut completes the operation. In a day or two the stitches are taken out, within a week the wound being usually entirely healed, leaving the becoming little depression in the surface of the skin that is called a dimple.

It is not often that a woman desires the removal of a natural dimple, but occasionally a man who considers the mark to be a badge of effeminacy desires to get rid of it. Instead of removing the superfluous fat from beneath the surface a small portion of the skin is cut away. The edges of the dimple are drawn together with stitches, the incision heals and the depression disappears.

Fighting Lizards.

The ring necked lizard of the Arizona deserts is not a mere devourer of weaklings. He is always ready to fight, whether he is challenged by another or cornered by a man. When brought to bay in some hole, he opens his jaws and dashes bravely out, snapping at everything which opposes him, and so fierce and sudden is his rush that it is impossible to face it without flinching. By holding two of these lizards loosely by the small of the back and allowing their heads to clash as they struggle to escape, one may be able to induce combats such as must occur every day in the desperate lizard world.

Forgetting that they were captives, they would seize upon each other and vent their thwarted rage to the utmost in a fight which, but for timely interference, would doubtless lead to the death of one or the other. Such bulldog pugnacity is rather unlooked for in lizards, but a student of character could easily read in the set jaw and pouched throat of this species the signs of fighting blood.—Country Life In America.

Billiard Terms.

"What are the principal shots in billiards?" asked the fair young damsel of the wise young man. "The kiss, the follow, the bank and the draw," he replied. "How lovely!" she exclaimed. "It is almost like a courtship. First, the lover gets a kiss, then he follows the girl all about and then"—

"And then," interrupts the man who aspires to pessimism—"and then they get married and he goes to the bank and draws, for that is his cue, unless he wises to be frozen." (For the benefit of the unsuspecting reader, adds the Baltimore American, we will state that "cue" and "frozen" also are billiard terms. There are still more than might be worked into the little jeu d'esprit, such as "scratch," "break," "drive," "tip," "table," "run," etc., but lack of space prevents carrying the theme to the bitter end.)

Minute Parts of a Watch.

The minuteness of the parts of a watch is shown by the following figures: It takes 150,000 of one certain kind of watch screws to make a pound. The pivot of the balance wheel is only one-two-hundredths of an inch in diameter. Each jewel hole into which a pivot fits is about one-five-thousandths of an inch larger than the pivot, to permit sufficient play. The finest screw for a small sized watch has a thread of 200 to the inch and weighs one-one-hundred-and-thirty-thousandths of a pound. A pallet jewel weighs one one-hundred-and-fifty-thousandths of a pound; a roller jewel a little more than one-two-hundred-and-fifty-six-thousandths. The largest round hair-spring stud is four-one-hundredths of an inch in diameter and about nine one-hundredths of an inch in length.

An Ambidextrous Artist.

Conrad Cook, son of E. W. Cook, R. A., told me that he used to hold the paper while Landseer drew one animal with his right hand and a different animal with his left, writes J. A. Manson in "Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A." This species of dexterity comes from practice no doubt, and is akin to the adroit manipulation of the accomplished pianist, but is nevertheless extraordinary, and several cases are recorded in which Sir Edwin fairly astounded the onlookers by such displays of manual skill.

A Lesson With His Autograph.

An admirer once wrote to Lowell describing his autograph collection and concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph." The reply came, bearing with it a lesson on the correct use of the words "would" and "should," which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the recipient. The response read:

Pray, do not say hereafter, "I would be obliged." If you would be obliged, be obliged and be done with it. Say, "I should be obliged," and oblige yours truly. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No Cause For Worry.

Elderly Fiance—I hope you are not impressed by the silly sentimentalists who hold that because you've married once you ought not to marry again!

Pretty Widow—Don't let that worry you, dear; I've no such prejudice. My own dear mother was married three times, and I only hope that in all things I may follow her example.

Choked Him Off.

Kraft—The boss has promised to give me a rise in my salary next week.

Newitt—Sorry, old man, but I can't lend you anything.

Belief that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught is poor consolation to the man whose bait is gone.

Ready for Christmas

Our stock for the holiday trade is very large. We have selected clothes that are up-to-date in style and workmanship the best. We can fit you with as good a suit, overcoat or anything else in the clothing line, as can be desired.

We have just received a nobby lot of SHIRTS and NECKWEAR and you should come in early if you want to see a handsome line.
In HATS, we are leaders and our stock is large and prices very reasonable.

If you would like a nice SUIT CASE we have it. Come in and see our stock. We are always pleased to meet you.

We handle Union made goods.

Jasper Harris,

The People's Popular Clothier.

Balcom & Lloyd.

Prepared For the Season

We have opened and are displaying a choice line of . .

FANCY DRY GOODS

specially selected for the . .

Winter Season.

We have gathered such articles as combine elegance with utility and at

Very Reasonable ~ Prices ~

Balcom & Lloyd.

Needed in Every Home

THE NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION OF

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A Dictionary of ENGLISH, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.

New Plates Throughout

25,000 New Words

Phrases and Definitions

Prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education assisted by a large corps of competent specialists and editors.

Rich Bindings 2364 Quarto Pages 5000 Illustrations

☞ *The International was first issued in 1890, succeeding the "Unabridged." The New and Enlarged Edition of the International was issued in October, 1900. Get the latest and best.*

We also publish

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with Glossary of Scottish Words and Phrases. 1100 Pages. 1100 Illustrations. Size 7x10x2 5-8 inches. "First-class in quality, second-class in size."

Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO. Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of the Emporium School District for the Year Ending June 4, 1902.

F. P. RENTZ, Treasurer, in account with Emporium Borough School Fund.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand at last Audit	$ 498 84
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. tax of 1898	51 70
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. tax of 1900	433 36
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. tax of 1901	2692 86
From State appropriation	2,165 47
From Sundries for tuition	93 00
From C. P. Bastian for books	75
From loan from First National Bank of Emporium $300.00 —less discount $5.10	294 90
Total receipts	$ 6,230 88

EXPENDITURES.

Paid for Teachers salaries and Institute	4,393 76
Paid for books, stationery and printing	1,015 53
Paid for freight, drayage, etc.	28 52
Paid for Commencement expenses	35 00
Paid F. P. Rentz, salary as treasurer	25 00
Paid N. J. Barner, salary as Sec'y	25 00
Paid First Nat. Bank on note	100 00
Paid First Nat. Bank dis'ct on renewal	3 40
Paid First Nat. Bank bal. on note	200 00
Total expenditures	$5,856 01
Cash in hands of treasurer	374 87
	$6,230 88

ASSETS.

Cash in hands of treasurer	$ 374 87
Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. 1900 tax	35 58
Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. 1901 tax	753 25
Total assets	$ 1,164 70

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding order No. 165	35 00

F. P. RENTZ, Treasurer, in account with Emporium Borough School Building Fund.

RECEIPTS.

From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1900 tax	$ 57 82
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1901 tax	385 77
From Shippen township for seats	5 00
Total receipts	$ 448 59

EXPENDITURES.

Paid for Janitors services	$ 465 00
Paid for insurance	28 00
Paid for gas	302 40
Paid for sundry supplies and repairs	101 54
Paid for painting and repairing to C. A. Van Lew	148 00
Paid for State tax to C. H. Jessop	54 26
Total expenditures	$ 1,101 10
Due Treasurer F. P. Rentz last audit	1,834 55
	$ 2,935 65
Balance due Treasurer	2,487 06

ASSETS.

Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. for 1900 tax	$21 02
Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. for 1901 tax	133 11
Total assets	$ 154 13

LIABILITIES.

Balance due Treasurer	$ 2,487 03

F. P. RENTZ, Treasurer, in account with Emporium Borough School Bond Fund.

RECEIPTS.

Cash in Treasury last audit	$1,281 78
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1898 tax	118 46
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1899 tax	125 03
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1900 tax	135 21
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1901 tax	983 54
Total receipts	$2,641 02

EXPENDIEURES.

Paid 22 coupons No. 16 on Bonds Nos. 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 8, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100—$2.50	$55 00
Paid 47 coupons on Bonds Nos. 48 49, 55, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100—$2.50	117 50
Paid coupons on Bonds Nos. 48, 49, 55, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 81, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100—$2.50,	105 00
Total expenditures	$ 277 50
Cash in Treasury	2,366 52
	2,644 02

ASSETTS.

Cash in Treasury	$2,361 52
Due from C. H. Jessop Coll. 1901 tax	341 83
Total assets	$2,702 40

LIABILITIES.

Following outstanding coupons:

Coupon No. 15, on Bond 51	$2 50
Coupons No. 16 on Bonds Nos. 61, 72	5 00
Coupons No. 17 on Bonds Nos. 50, 51, 52, 53, 54 and 58,	15 00
Coupons, No. 18 on Bond Nos. 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 58, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83	27 50
Outstanding Bonds	5,300 00
Total Liabilities,	$5,350 00

We, the undersigned Auditors, of Emporium Borough, certify that we have examined and audited the accounts of F. P. Rentz, Treasurer, in account with Emporium Borough School Fund, Building Fund and Bond Fund, and found the same as stated above.

A. C. BLUM,
A. F. ANDREWS,
E. D. WHITE,
Auditors.

Emporium, Pa., Aug. 4, 1902.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1902.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 13, 1903, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

F. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

The Place to Buy Cheap

—IS AT—

J. F. PARSONS'

A CHRISTMAS CRIME

A Yuletide Tale of Two Homes

RIDGEWOOD had a thief! When I, Detective Martinet of the metropolitan secret service, was called out there, I found the town in a state of excitement over the robberies. The principal ones had taken place in the mansion of Colonel Payne, the richest man in Ridgewood.

There had been four burglaries at the Payne mansion. The first night silver was taken—small pieces consisting of spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives.

The second night a small rocking chair disappeared and several velvet covered footstools and nice little articles of bric-a-brac designed for Christmas gifts. The third night all the children's Christmas toys that had been carefully stored away in a Santa Claus cupboard by Colonel Payne and his wife, ready for Christmas eve, disappeared, and the fourth night the cellar was pillaged of its wine and fruits.

"Looks as if it was somebody inside the house," said the colonel after we had been over the ground pretty well.

"Not exactly," said I, "or why would they take a rocking chair?"

The party that accompanied me through the house consisted of the

"I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO LOVELY."

colonel and his wife, the oldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, and the colonel's private secretary, William Winter.

"This is the window they got in at the first night," said Winter, pointing to a bay window on the ground floor leading out of the dining room. "And this is the one they got in at the other nights," pointing to another big window that was in the staircase hall alongside the front door.

"Why didn't they always enter at the same window?" I asked carelessly.

"That's what bothers me," said Winter, "but you can go see for yourself that they didn't," pointing to trampled places under both of the windows.

"You see it was this way," said the colonel. "We were greatly alarmed the first night when the silver was taken, and we set a watch over the things. From that night to the present this house has been steadily guarded from the inside every night, from dark until daylight. And yet we have had three robberies during that time. It is the strangest thing I ever saw, and I'd give $500 to catch the burglars."

"Are they operating anywhere else in Ridgewood?"

"Yes," said Winter promptly, "they tried to steal some things out of the church last night, and a week ago they broke into the office of the gas company."

"Are you familiar there?" I asked.

"Yes," said Winter.

"One thing more, colonel, before I go," I said. "Will you tell me the name of the person who was on guard in your house the last three nights?"

"I was the person," said Winter.

"All right, colonel," I said. "I am going back to the city today to stay about a week, but I will be back Christmas eve, and then I will look up your thief for you. And, by the way, you might get ready for your Christmas tree, for I expect to give you all your things back in time for your Christmas celebration."

The colonel looked skeptical and Winter shook his head sadly.

"Don't you think you had better stay here if you are going to look for him?" asked the colonel.

"No," I said. "It isn't necessary. Good day, you can look for me Christmas eve."

I said coolly, but I didn't leave Ridgewood after all. I only went away far enough to hide myself in a certain little hotel in the little town, and there I waited and watched—did as slick detective work as I ever did in my life even in a big city on the biggest robbery I ever had.

Christmas eve found me not in the colonel's home, but out in the cold, frosty night looking into the window of a little cottage. The cottage was the end one in a row of wooden houses, each with a grass plot around it. It belonged to William Winter, private secretary to Colonel Payne; and in the cottage lived Winter and his wife and Winter's wife's mother; also six little Winters varying in age all the way from four to twelve years.

"I never saw anything so lovely in all my life, papa," the oldest Winter girl was saying as I pressed my nose against the glass and peered in through the narrow strip between the window sash and the casement.

There inside of the room stood a little Christmas tree upon a big box, and upon the tree and all around the foot of it stood dozens of beautiful Christmas gifts. Such a Christmas tree you never saw! There were little things in silver—spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives, and there was a rocking chair, also several little footstools and little articles of bric-a-brac, all newly covered with cheap chintz. And there were toys. Oh, so many toys! And upon the table at the side of the tree stood the best of wines and Christmas fruits.

"How sweet of you, Will!" Winter's pretty wife said as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "How did you ever guess that I wanted all those silver things for the table?"

"And did any one ever see such a son-in-law?" cried the old lady as her eyes fell upon the table with the wine and fruits.

"I have got the goodest papa in the world," yelled the six year old, while the others chimed in "Yeth" as they made a dive for the toys.

"I could sit in this rocking chair for a week," murmured Winter's wife, rocking herself back and forth with her foot on the gayly covered footstool, "if it wasn't that I felt as if I wanted to get up and kiss you again," she said to Winter for the twentieth time as she looked around.

"Now go to bed, all of you," cried Winter, "and something extra for the one who starts first. Don't let me hear a word from you again until tomorrow morning at breakfast, and then we'll have Christmas all day."

He hustled them out of the room, and when I tapped on the door there was no one left downstairs to open it but he.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked, stepping into the room and pointing to all the Christmas things.

"I don't know," said he, dropping down by the table and hiding his face in his hands. "I don't know, I am sure. It will kill her if you tell her."

"What made you take them?" I asked.

"Because he's got so much he doesn't know what to do with it," said Winter. "So I took them all easy like and thought it would blow over in a few days. You see, we have so many babies in our family," he added, "that there wasn't much left this year for Christmas, and the children have been talking about it every day for the last three months. It broke my heart to think I'd have to disappoint them, so I did the best I could for them."

"You watched the house all night for the colonel, did you?"

"Yes, except for about an hour; long enough to slip over here with an armful."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"God knows; I don't," he repeated. "It will kill her if you tell her."

"Do you want me to arrest you tonight, or will you wait until morning?"

"Christmas day?" he exclaimed, breaking down and beginning to cry like a baby. "I know I'm a wretch. Only kill me—do anything; but don't tell her."

It might have been that the spirit of Christmas was in the air. Perhaps the thought of those six little children and that sweet faced wife had a stronger influence than they should have had over a detective's heart. But I said to him, "Well, bundle up the things and come along with me, and we'll see what we can do about it."

We looked like two Santa Clauses ourselves as we slipped along the streets, choosing bylanes and cross paths to the Payne residence.

We got into the triangular lawn by a rear path and stole softly up to the house. There was the dining room brilliantly lighted and in the middle stood a tree all bare and waiting for gifts, just as I told the colonel to arrange it.

There was no one in the room, and after I had pried up the sash we stole in together. There was only just time to drop our packages on the floor at the foot of the tree and to rush away again before the colonel's daughter came in.

"Oh, papa," she cried, "here are some presents for us."

But I heard no more just then, for I was busy helping poor Winter get away. An hour later I rang the colonel's front door bell. He opened the door himself.

"Come right in," said he. "I guess you are a wizard tonight. Just after we got the Christmas tree set up and while we were upstairs getting our presents together to hang on the tree the thief came back and left the Christmas presents."

"Everything there?" I asked.

"Everything," said he, "down to the last teaspoon. We have counted them all. Poor fellow, he must have had a guilty conscience, and when it came Christmas eve he squared it with himself by sending back all he had stolen."

"Strange!" said I.

"Very strange," said the colonel. "I'd like, if I knew who the thief was, to send him something for a Christmas present, just as a reward for his conscience. As it is I ask you, detective, not to lock him up. He has evidently turned over a new leaf this Christmas eve."

"Evidently," said I.

"Now, detective," said the colonel, "I am going to ask you to stay with us over Christmas and enjoy a nice holiday. And so that we can all have an extra fine day I am going to send one of the boys over to Winter's house tonight with these things so that he can have a merry Christmas as well as the rest of us."—Minneapolis Tribune

Curiosities of Glycerin.

One of the great advantages of glycerin in its chemical employment is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under any ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature less than 200 degrees F., but if heated intensely it decomposes with a smell that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol, if heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited. Its nonevaporative qualities make the compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbons, carbon papers and the like.

If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature, it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy, but these crystals being once melted it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state. If a little water be added to the glycerin, no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold, pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.

On the Carpet.

The London Chronicle in an article criticising a popular book says, apropos of the expression "on the carpet," which is used in the book:

"On the carpet" again. Without any wish to charge so brilliant an author with the offenses of her times, we are compelled to observe, in the same book, that absurd carpet spread once more for the discussion of affairs. "Le tapis," on which things have been talked over in French literature, is, need we say, not a carpet, but a table cover—in fact, the green baize table cover of diplomatic convocation. On that are laid the papers, the protocols. A tapis is a carpet only when it covers the floor. Paper hangings are called tapisserie, but even the English haste to burlesque, with an eye to quaintness, the idioms of the stranger has not led our authors to speak of carpeting French walls. Would that "jumps to the eyes" and "it goes without saying" might be suppressed forever in English; but, at any rate, they are correct translations, whereas "on the carpet" is not.

The Doukhobors.

The Doukhobors, that queer Russian set in Canada, are vegetarians of the first water. A writer in the Outlook says: "One of the few English words they know is 'grease,' and upon my offering them any food—bread, for instance—they would look at it suspiciously and inquire, 'Grease?' They were afraid that lard or tallow might have been used in making the bread, and, if so, they would not eat it. Some of the Indians do not care to have the Doukhobors visit them, as they are regarded as 'queer,' and I have seen a Cree Indian wave an approaching Doukhobor away by holding up a piece of hammock in front of his tent, with a deprecating gesture and the word 'Grease!'"

A Family of Birds.

The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times, says an exchange. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robin, her second Sparrow, and the present one's name is Quayle. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow and three little Quayles in the family. One grandfather was a Swann, and another was a Jay, but he is dead and now a bird of paradise. They live in Hawk avenue, Eagleville, Canary islands, and the fellow who writes this article is a lyre bird and an interested relative of the family.

Not the Same Privilege.

Rank imposes obligation, but it also brings a certain freedom from restrictions that bind the humble. A man of literary aspirations who had his way yet to make in the world wrote a poem, which he submitted to his wife before sending it out for publication.

"Why, Henry," she said, on looking it over, "you have made 'hundred' rhyme with 'onward.'"

"That's all right," he replied. "Tennyson did it."

"Yes," rejoined his wife. "Tennyson could do such a thing, but you can't, Henry."

Getting Down to Business.

Mistress (to new servant)—There are two things, Mary, about which I am very particular. They are truthfulness and obedience.

Mary—Yes'm, and when you tell me to say you're not in when a person calls that you don't wish to see which is it to be, mum—truthfulness or obedience?—Illinois State Register.

Willing to Be Tempted.

Willie (who has eaten his apple)—Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve, and I'll be Adam.

Mabel—All right. Well?

Willie—Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll give way to temptation.

A Careful Woman.

Mrs. Gaussip—I suppose you're careful to make your husband tell you everything that happens to him.

Mrs. Strongmind—Better than that; I'm careful to see that nothing happens to him.—Philadelphia Press.

'Twas the night before Christmas;
In each little house
The children were waiting
As still as a mouse
To hear the puff puff
And the puh, chug and squeal
Of good old St. Nicholas'
Automobile!

—New York Herald.

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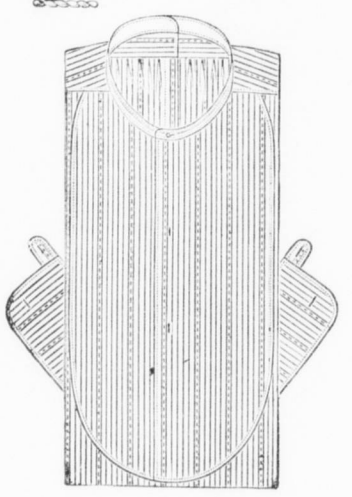

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We cordially invite correspondence from prospective buyers who cannot visit us in person.

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